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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Parliaments and Councils of England, chronologically arranged, from the Reign of William I. to the Revolution in 1688. Dedicated, by permission, to Her Majesty. 8vo. pp. 603. London, 1839. Murray.

"It was (truly, and only too moderately, says our author) a saying of Socrates, that though no man undertakes a trade which he has not learned, in that of government, the hardest of all trades, every one considers himself sufficiently qualified by the gifts which he has received from nature. It is no less true, in our own days, that, though in all other sciences and in every mechanical art, a long experience and much industry are considered necessary for the attainment of a moderate degree of excellence, in the difficult science of legislation, these means are not unfrequently neglected in the pursuit of the same end. Hence it happens that many incompetent persons, fancying themselves endowed with talents, which instinctively fit them for immediate action, enter with confidence upon the business of legislation; and that others, under the impulse of caprice or prepossession, exercise the responsible function of determining by their votes, the merits of those who are to be the framers of constitutional enactments. To this unfavourable combination of circumstances may be traced numberless errors, which have proved the abundant source of national misfortunes. If, however, these observations are generally true and important, it must also be acknowledged that, in no period of our history, have intelligence and correct information been more necessary than in the days in which we live. At no previous moment has the want of preparatory acquirements been more calculated to produce extensive mischief, than under the changes which have been recently introduced in the political relations of the people. By the extension of their privileges, they have been compelled suddenly to decide upon measures which very intimately affect their own welfare, and the common prosperity of the empire. They have been called upon to express their sentiments on public affairs, and, by their conduct, to determine the most influential consequences. It can scarcely excite surprise, that under these newly acquired powers, and labouring under some degree of unavoidable ignorance as to the nature of that constitution, which they are bound to protect and support, they should sometimes commit errors of speculation and practice: or that, in the selection of those who are to represent their unrestrained feelings and opinions, they should sometimes be disposed to seek, as the only security for the discharge of complicated and momentous duties, the pledge given to a particular party to pursue, at all events, a prescribed line of conduct, whether consistent or otherwise with the permanent and enduring interests of the commonwealth."

* * * That the parliamentary history of England is, at present, a sealed book to the community of these kingdoms, will not be disputed by those who, in the search after precise constitutional information, have had occasion to refer to the voluminous collections of the original records, or to those of the contemporary his-

torians, the only sources from which authentic materials for such an inquiry can safely be derived. The opportunity of consulting these documents is extremely rare, and many advantages must concur to render such an opportunity available. Beyond the metropolis, few public or private libraries contain a series so extensive and costly; and presuming that a facility of reference does exist, our researchers can only be prosecuted under an unlimited command of leisure, and by the application of an unremitting industry and attention. To these impediments may be added, in many instances, a disregard of the pecuniary sacrifice which must attend the possession of many indispensable, but highly expensive volumes. A brief review of the authorities to which a reference must be made by those who would obtain accurate parliamentary data, will shew that the difficulties are not exaggerated, under which investigations of this nature must now be conducted. Such a summary will tend, also, to remove any wonder, that error should often occupy the place of correct knowledge; that assumptions at variance with the facts of history should sometimes be adopted as undoubted truths; and that conclusions not sanctioned by a correct and comprehensive view of historical relations, should be maintained as legitimate and applicable rules of political conduct."

The author, Mr. C. H. Parry, then refers to the authorised sources of constitutional information—original records—contemporary historians—collections from these sources—and separate treatises, manuscript or otherwise, of authority on these subjects; and describes the nature and extent of his labours in fixing dates and reconciling adverse statements. After all, he says,

"It will readily be admitted that the following pages contain many errors of omission as well as of commission. Among the former may, perhaps, be placed the want of an accurate list of the lord chancellors. Such a list is, however, still a desideratum in our historical literature."

And well may we, from this circumstance alone, surmise how full of imperfections the most careful and industrious compilation must of necessity be; but still acknowledge the very great obligation which the public owes to Mr. Parry for this most comprehensive and useful work.

An introduction gives a summary of British History as regards the legislative assemblies of the kingdom from the earliest period; and then follows the chronological digest, which is, indeed, an invaluable political repertory, and at the same time full of very curious anecdotes and entertaining information. Ex. gr.

"1231. *Henry III.* A.R. 15.—Feb. 9. The statute of Ireland is made, commanding that the customs of England be proclaimed and strictly kept and observed in that country."

"1332. *Edward III.* A.R. 6.—March 16. Two proclamations are made against any man wearing a coat of mail, or carrying weapons offensive or defensive in London, Westminster, or the suburbs, and against children or others playing any games (bars or pulling off hats) in the Palace at Westminster, during the sitting of parliament."

"1344. A.R. 13.—On Saturday, the 19th February, the Commons offer an aid of 30,000 sacks of wool, on certain conditions."

"1361. *Richard II.* A.R. 5.—Nov. 3. The Commons retire to their accustomed place, the Chapter House of the Ab-

ey, and on Monday, 18, present M. Richard de Waldesgrave, Knight, their speaker; whom, desiring to be excused (first time) and discharged from the office, the king requires upon his allegiance to stand, 'as being chosen by his companions.' Upon which he makes the usual protestation."

"1369. *Henry IV.* A.R. 1.—Oct. 14. The late king is adjudged to perpetual imprisonment; to which judgment, the Commons request not to be considered paries, as such judgments belong only to the King and Lords."

"It is answered, 'that the Commons are petitioners and demanders, that the king and lords, of all times, had had, and ought to have, of right, the judgments in parliament; save that in a statute to be made, or in grants and subsidies, or for the common profit of the realm, the king will have their advice and assent; and this order shall be held and kept in all times to come.'

"1402. A.R. 4.—Oct. 10. (Tuesday.) The Commons request to have four bishops, four earls, and four barons, to assist them in their consultations; which the king grants, with this protestation, 'that the same, as against form and custom, is done out of favour and not out of due cause,' which especial favour the Commons acknowledge."

"1404. A.R. 5.—Jan. 14. Among many other matters in this parliament, the Sheriff of Rutland having returned one who was not chosen for the shire, he is commanded to amend the return; and further, is committed to the Tower, and to fine and ransom, at the King's pleasure."

"1529. *Henry VIII.* A.R. 21.—Nov. 3. Thomas More, lord chancellor, presents the common. Addressing the Commons, he says, 'That because they were a great number, and could not speak all at one time—[they sometimes do so now!]—the king's pleasure was, that they should resort to their own house, and there amongst themselves, according to ancient custom, choose an able person to be their common mouth and speaker, &c.'

The corporation of London was little better used in those days than in these:—

"1542. A.R. 33.—April 1. A member of the House of Commons having been arrested for debt, whilst the house was sitting, the king not only permits the Commons to release him, but punishes the offenders. The two sheriffs of London are committed to the Tower, one of the bailiffs to a place called 'Little Ease,' and the rest to Newgate."

"1554. Mary. A.R. 1.—April 6. Mr. Beaumont, a member of the House of Commons, having served a subpoena on the Earl of Huntington, in parliament time, April 17, the lords send word to the judges to the lower house, with the subpoena, and pray the order of the house for that officer. After debate, it is resolved, that eight members of that house shall declare to the Lords, 'That they take the executing this writ to be no breach of privilege.'

"1555. A.R. 2 and 3.—Nov. 20. A member of the Commons having been bound in recognizance in the Star Chamber, to appear before the council within twelve days after the end of parliament, the Commons declare to the Lords that their privilege is broken. On a conference, the chief justices, master of the rolls, and serjeants, clearly affirm that the recognizance is no breach of privilege."

"1556. A.R. 5 and 6.—Nov. 17. (Thursday.) The lord chancellor, sending for the Commons, announces the death of the queen, this day. They are to resort to the palace, where the Lords will come and cause proclamation to be made of Lady Elizabeth, as queen."

"1559. Elizabeth. A.R. 1.—Feb. 24 (Friday). A member of the Commons having come to the house being outlawed, and having defrauded several persons under colour of privilege, after examination by a committee, the question is put, 'Whether he shall have privilege or not?' It is carried, by 112 against 107, that he shall still continue a member."

* "Rep. I. 333. 'From all these proceedings, it seems that the principles on which the assembly of the Lords and Commons in parliament had been constituted, had not been very clearly settled. The Commons had concurred in the judgment of deposition, of which that of imprisonment was not a legal consequence. As a mere ordinance of policy, it ought to have been an act of the whole parliament. However, this disclaimer, and the proceedings upon it, may be considered as finally settling that the characters of the two houses, though forming with the king one assembly in parliament, were perfectly distinct; and particularly that grants of aids to the crown had been made by the Commons. The previous grant was expressly made 'by assent of the Lords.' The constitution of the parliament at this time was so far considered as different from that of the common council of the realm, for assessing aids and scutages provided by the charter of John; in which no distinction appears to have prevailed.'

Bribery in the fine old times of good Queen Bess:—

"*1571. A.R. 13.—May 10.* Thomas Long, 'a very simple man, and unfit' to serve, is questioned how he came to be elected. He confesses that he gave the Mayor of Westbury and another four pounds for his place in parliament. They are ordered to repay this sum, to appear to answer such things as should be objected against them in that house, and a fine of twenty pounds is to be assessed on the corporation and inhabitants of Westbury, for their scandalous attempt."

A royal snubbing against long harangues: what would royalty have said for the debate on the corn laws?—

"*May 29.* The queen addresses the houses, telling the Commons 'She utterly disallows and condemns those for their audacious, arrogant, and presumptuous folly, who, by superfluous speeches, spend much time in meddling with matters, neither pertaining to them nor within the capacity of their understanding.' After speeches from the speaker and lord keeper, she gives her assent to the bills, and parliament is dissolved."

Parliamentary manners, &c.:—

"*1601. A.R. 43.—Nov. 7.* A committee on the subsidy sits.—Sir Walter Raleigh speaking low, Sir Edward Hobby says, 'We cannot hear you; speak out. You should speak standing, and so the house may hear you better.'—Sir Walter Raleigh: 'Be it so,' committee he might speak either sitting or standing'; and so he repeats his speech.—Mr. Secretary Cecil: 'Because it is an argument of more reverence, I choose to speak standing.'

"*Nov. 9.* The subject of the supply is again debated.—Serjeant Heyle: 'Mr. Speaker, I marvel much that the house will stand upon granting a subsidy, or the time of payment, when all we have is her majesty's; and she may lawfully, at her pleasure, take it from us. Yea, she hath as much right to all our lands and goods, as to any revenue of her crown.' All the house hem, and laugh, and talk. 'Well, all your hemming shall not put me out of countenance.'—Mr. Speaker: It is a great disorder that this should be used; for it is the ancient use for every man to be silent when any one speaks; and he that is speaking should be suffered to deliver his mind without interruption.—The serjeant proceeds; but as the house hem again, he is obliged to sit down."

"*1604. James I. A.R. 2.—March 26.* A member makes a motion to the Commons against kissing, to the interchange and hugging of the speech of any man in the house, a thing derogatory from the dignity, not becoming the gravity, and as much crossing and abating the honour and privileges of the house as any other abuse whatsoever. The motion is well approved."

"*May 19.* In the Commons, Sir William Paddy, entering into a long speech, 'de mera fide, et de sola fide,' is interrupted, and a rule is made, 'If any man speak not to the matter in question, the Speaker is to moderate.'

A well-expressed opinion on governing by the masses:—

"*1606. A.R. 4, Scottie 30.—May 26.* In the Commons, a speaker affirms, that 'A multitude must on,—on with reason or without reason,—in parliament or out of parliament.'

"*1607. A.R. 4, Scottie 40.—March 12.* The horse of a burgess having been taken by a post-office servant, to run post, such servant is committed to the serjeant's ward during pleasure."

"*1614. A.R. 12, Scottie 47.—May 26.* In a 'Dispute,' Sir Edward Sands says, 'To go immediately to the king, wrongeth the liberties of the upper house. The liberties of parliament are three; of election in this house, of freedom from arrest, and of speech. Words of treason, or matter of felony, have no protection here, but are punishable by the king. Words of scandal, or which may make sedition between the two houses, are punishable here.' This is proved (1) by the usage of both houses; as prejudicial to the liberties of this house, (3) as this house can challenge no liberty further than the lords; were most honour is, most liberty, &c.'

"*1618. A.R. 18, Scottie 54.—Feb. 16.* A 'jarr' having taken place between the Earl of Berkshires and the Lord Scrope, and the former having pursued or thrust the latter forcibly in the house against the dignity of it, he is called to the bar of the lords' house, censured, or his kinship, by the lord chancellor, and committed to the Fleet. He is afterwards (Feb. 17.) on motion of Lord Scrope, enlarged, and delivers a submission in writing; and, on his reconciliation with Lord Scrope, is discharged."

"*March 5.* Sir Edward Coke. The statute Magna Charta, 29 cap., was confirmed thirty-two times. None to be imprisoned, &c. It was called Magna Charta, not for the largeness, but for the weight. All the old writers call it the Charter of Liberties."

"*March 9.* Mr. Mallory will spare none, though they sit in chairs. Mr. Speaker came out of the chair without consent of the house.—Sir R. Phillips admonisheth the Speaker, that sometime he neglecteth his duty to the house, in intruding or deferring the question.—Mr. Nevill must a little refine.—Sir H. Manners: Mr. Speaker that he hath made plausible motions above him.—Sir H. Withington: Mr. Speaker is but a servant to the house, not a master, nor a master's mate.—Sir H. Withington: Mr. Speaker is the father of all their faults, by preventing them with rising.—Sir W.

Herbert: He was required to sit still. He must respect the meanest, as well as those about the chair."

The church in danger: deans and chapters before Sydne Smith was born:—

"*1641. Charles I. A.R. 17.—June 15.* The Commons resolve, 'That all deans, deans and chapters, archdeacons, prebendaries, chanters, canons, petty canons and their officers, shall be utterly abolished, &c.' Resolved, That the funds taken by this bill shall be employed to the advancement of learning and piety, &c., and that a competent maintenance shall be made to the several persons concerned, if such appear not peccant and delinquents, to this house. Sir Benjamin Rudyard, speaking against the bill, says, 'One thing doth exceedingly trouble me, that so many do now believe, against the wisdom of all ages, that there can be no reformation without destruction; as if every sick body must be knocked on the head, as past hope of cure. Bishops have governed the church for 1500 years without interruption; and no man will say but that God hath saved souls in all those times, under their government. Let them be reduced according to the usage of ancient churches in the best times. I love not those that hate to be reformed; but I like not those that shew of us more strict, than more clear reformation. If either bladders or cathedral churches there be too much, some may be pared off, to relieve them that have too little; if yet more may be spared, it may be employed to the setting up of a preaching ministry, through the whole kingdom. Until this be done, although we are Christians, we are not a Christian state. There are places in England which are not in Christendom, the people are so ignorant, they live so without God in the world; for which, parliaments are to answer both to God and man. Let us beware that we do not look with a worldly, carnal, evil eye upon church lands. Church lands will still be fitted to maintain church men, by a proportionable and orderly distribution. We are very strict and curious to uphold our own property; and there is great reason for it. Are the clergy only, a sort of men who have no property at all in what is called theirs? I am sure they are Englishmen, they are subjects. The next way to bring in barbarism, is to make the clergy an unlearned contemptible creature, not to be despised by the greatest of the people. Where, then, can we find men able to vindicate an adversary? A clergyman ought to have a far greater proportion to live upon than any other man of an equal condition. He is not bred to multiply three-pences. It becomes him not to live mechanically and sordidly. He must be given to hospitality. I do myself know a clergyman, no dignitary, whose books have cost him £1000, which, when he dies, may be worth, to his wife and children, about £200. For my part, I think nothing too much, nothing too good, for a good minister, a good clergyman. They ought least to want, who best know how to abound. Burning and shining lights do well deserve to be set in good candlesticks. I am as much for reformation, for purging and maintaining religion, as any man; but I profess I am not for innovation, demolition, nor abolition.'

"*July 12.* Thomas Payne, an attorney, who told the Earl of Thanet 'It was false and a lie,' is committed to the custody of the gentleman usher, &c."

The press. How utterly is all changed now, both as regards newspaper reporting and the publications by the house itself, or with its sanction:—

"*1642. A.R. 18.—The Commons* send for many printers, as delinquents, for printing certain proceedings in parliament. They resolve upon question, 'That what person shall print or sell any act or passage of this house, under the name of a journal, or otherwise, without particular license of the house, shall be reported a high commender and breaker of the privileges of parliament, and be punished accordingly.'

"*April 11.* Report is made in the Commons on an order to prevent the multitude of poor coming over from Ireland.

"*Oct. 14.* Mr. Hughes, parson of Shropshire, having given 'There are young gentlemen who, if the king will give them pillars, will make the round-headed rogues shake, and that it was fit the king should have some of the traitorous rogues,' is committed to New Prison, Middlesex, during pleasure."

The church again:—

"*1643. A.R. 19.—May 27.* Resolved, An ordinance for borowing the plate in all cathedrals, superstitiously used upon their altars."

"*Aug. 9.* A petition for peace is presented to the Commons, from many civilly disposed women of the cities of London, Westminster, &c. About 5000 females attend, and are not disturbed without hindrance."

"*Dec. 9.* It is resolved, 'That the house shall meet every morning at 10, and that absent members shall pay 12d. Dec. 11. Ordered, A committee to consider what is to be done for the estate of Mr. Pym, deceased, and what to prepare a monument at the charge of the Commons. His body to be interred in Westminster Abbey, without charge for breaking the ground, and Mr. Speaker and the whole house to attend.'

"*Dec. 15.* The Commons resolve to appoint a grand committee to set an 'excise upon flesh.'

"*1644.—Jan. 1.* Resolved, An excise to be put on flesh, salt, and poultry-ware; upon every rabbit, 1d.; upon a dozen pigeons, 3d."

Encore the church:—

"*A.R. 20.—April 24.* Ordered, The mitre and crozier staff found in St. Paul's church to be forthwith sold, and the brass and iron in Henry VIIIth's chapel."

"*April 25.* Ordered, Books to the value of 100*l.* to be delivered to Mr. Peters, out of the particular and private study of the Archibishop of Canterbury."

And the head of the church:—

"*1645.—Jan. 7.* The king grants a pardon to the archbishop of Canterbury, but nothing is ordered therupon. The lords 'considering the great places the archbishop hath been in, incline that he may have that favour shewed as to have his head struck off, and not be hanged,' and they make an ordinance accordingly."

Pay of members, &c.:—

"*A.R. 21.—May 14.* On a report from the 'committees to supply the necessities of members,' it is agreed, That they shall receive 4*l.* weekly a-piece."

"*Nov. 27.* The Commons order, That Mr. Nicholas, a member, who had the chamber of Mr. George Beare conferred on him, shall have the books and manuscripts likewise."

"*1646.—Jan. 9.* The lady, Marquess of Winchester, restrained by the Committee of Examinations, is ordered to be delivered to the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod."

"*Jan. 15.* The Marquess of Winchester, in the Tower, having nothing to feed him, but what his keeper voluntarily gives him,' is, by the Lords, recommended to the House of Commons for an allowance out of his own estate, 'that he may not starve.'

"*A.R. 22.—Dec. 18.* The Earl of Worcester being dead, and there being no means to inter his body, the Lords recommend to the Commons that some means may be found by which his funeral, the charges of his imprisonment, and the fees due to Black Rod, may be paid out of his estate."

"*1647. Charles II. A.R. 1.—* The peers present in January, averaged only four. The highest and lowest numbers of earls and barons were four and one, and five and one. No viscount was present. The only divisions in the Commons are 31-18; 33-19; 25-18. It is to be remarked, that, during this month, the name of the King is not mentioned in the journals of Lords or Commons, except that the latter order, 'that Dr. Juxon has leave to continue with the King in private, under the same restraint that the King is.'

"Commonwealth.—*March 7.* The Countess of Holland and 'divers other countesses and ladies' attend with petitions in favour of their husbands, Earl of Warwick, Lord Goring, James, Duke of Hamilton, under name of Earl of Cambridge, Lord Capell, and Sir J. Owen, condemned to die."

"*1657. Cromwell, Charles II. A.R. 9.—May 13.* Report is made of his highness's final answer, 'That he cannot undertake the government with the title of king.' May 19. Resolved, by fifty-three against fifty, that the lord protector shall be the king, &c. May 20. The first day of the new foundation of the commonwealth.' Mr. Speaker. I move, that for the gravite of the house, being as a court of justice, would not talk to one another, nor move out of your seats, nor stay in the gallery, in regard the house is thin."

"*May 29.* Mr. Bampfield observing the Speaker speaking to the clerk, moves that it was usual with him to do so while men were speaking, but it was against the orders of the house. Mr. Speaker excuses himself, but could not come off very well. 'He only spoke to be informed about the order of proceedings.'

"*June 8.* The house having waited half an hour for the minister, and none coming, the Speaker was going to proceed without prayer. Mr. Bampfield.—This is the first precedent that ever the house went to business without prayer. The house staid awhile, but at length proceeded without prayer."

Ireland devouring England:—

"*June 10.* Mr. West, on a debate concerning assessing Ireland, says, I have read of *Filia devoravit Matrem.* I wish it may not be so in Ireland."

Long prayers:—

"*1658.—Jan. 27.* The house keeps a day of public humiliation. The exercises begin at 10 o'clock, and hold till half-past 5."

Curious computation of the influence Scotch and Irish members would have by their votes in the House of Commons; and curiously applicable to the present time:—

"*1659. Richard Cromwell, Charles II. A.R. 11.—March 9.* A debate commences touching the right of sitting of the Scotch and Irish members. Sir H. Vane.—A greater imposition never was by a single person upon a parliament, to put sixty votes upon you. By this means, it shall be brought upon you insensibly to vote by Scotch and Irish members, who will enrage all your votes hereafter. Mr. Knightly.—The union with Ireland must be preserved. This has been one occasion of the great tumults in Ireland that we have not till now taken them into our legislature. Mr. H. Weymouth.—We are now all one body: Irish are natives here, and have all one soul. It is not prudent or safe to turn them out of the house."

"*March 21.* The debate is resumed on the Scotch and Irish members. Mr. Annesley.—'This house has all

* See the approaching debate appointed for the 15th.

along dispensed with acts of parliament; as in case of non-residence. If the union were not for the interest of England, I should be the first to withdraw.' Mr. Bulwer cawen.—' The union was made by the far-end of the long parliament. Scotland will not think themselves obliged to keep that union, longer than till they can break it.' Colonel West.—' An honest native may be here, then sixty (thirty for Ireland and thirty for Scotland), are the quires; and it may happen that it will be in the power to impose laws upon us.'
March 23.—The debate on Ireland is resumed.

Major Ashton.—' I am a member for Ireland. The members that come in for that place serve no more for Ireland than for England. Ireland was anciently a province. Henry II. went thither, and they made a resignation of their power to him, by confirmation of the pope. He granted it to his son John, but so 'ut non separatur ab Anglia.' King John went into Ireland, and ordained by act of parliament that Ireland should be governed by all the laws of England. 10 Hen. VII. came in the Statute of Poyning's, which made the statute laws also the same in Ireland, only they had parliaments, as being most fit for that nation. In a parliament held that year at Drogheda, it is enacted that all statutes made in England, &c., from henceforth be deemed effectual in law, and be accepted, used, and executed, within this land of Ireland, in all points. I think it best that they should have parliaments of their own, for the very reason, that 'notes may not be imposed upon you here.' Mr. Gewen.—' It were better for England and Ireland that they have parliaments of their own.' Mr. Thomas.—' How does it consist with our privilege to admit strangers?' Mr. Amesley.—'England is in no danger of thirty members from Ireland, but if thirty from Scotland should join them, much mischief might ensue.'

"1660. Charles II. A.R. 12.—' The Lords agree as to a thanksgiving for God's great mercy in delivering the nation out of their long 'thraldom, confusion, and misery.'

"His majesty avows and declares, 'that the horrid murder of his royal father, was not the act of the parliament or people of England, but of a very wretched and very little company of miscreants in this kingdom.' The Commons declare the humble and thankful sense this house hath of his majesty's justice and favour in making this just defence for the parliament and people of England."

The church restored :—

"1661. A.R. 13.—November 20. (Wednesday.) The bishops attend for the first time. The archbishop of York and twenty-two bishops are present. They are added to the committees."

"1661. A.R. 33.—The king attends in the House of Lords, and commands the lord chancellor to dissolve the parliament. 'As we are not likely to have a good end, when the divisions at the beginning are such.'

"1665. James II. A.R. 1.—Nov. 18. The king answers the Commons. 'That he did not expect such an address, &c.' On the motion to take into consideration his majesty's gracious answer, John Cooke, Esq., stands up and says, 'We are Englishmen, and ought not to be frightened out of our duty by a few high words.' Upon which he is committed to the Tower. Nov. 20.—The king is present (for the last time), and prorogues with him to the 10th of February."

"1688. The Interregnum.—December 26. (Wednesday.) The assembly convened by his Royal Highness, William Henry, Prince of Orange, met in the Commons' House, Westminster. Honn. Poule, Esq., was called to the chair, having on his left hand Paul Jodrell, Esq., clerk to the House of Commons, and Samuel Gillibert, Esq., assistant clerk. About 160 are present. On the questions before-moved, 'What authority they had to assemble?' it is agreed:

'That the request of his highness, the prince, is a sufficient warrant.' Resolved, nem. con., 'That thanks be given to his highness for coming into this kingdom.' Resolved, nem. con., 'That his highness be desired to take upon him the administration of public affairs, both civil and military, and the disposal of the public revenues, for the preservation of religion, rights, laws, liberties, and the peace of the nation.'

With this we conclude, and think our readers will agree with us in acknowledging the interest and importance that attach to such remarkable illustrations of parliamentary usages and constitutional history.

Cheveley; or, the Man of Honour. By Lady Lytton Bulwer. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1839. Bull.

ONE of the strongest impressions with which we have risen from the perusal of this publication is that, without good hearts and good tempers, the possession of beauty, wit, accomplishments, talents, or genius, may be a curse, not a blessing, to man or woman.

So much pains have been taken beforehand, through the medium of the press, to intimate to the public that there was much of personality in these volumes, that it would have

been folly in us not to confess cognizance of the melancholy fact, even if the hardly concealed names of some of the parties did not too plainly prove it to be the case. On general principles we have always condemned this practice; and, with sorrow we say it, there is nothing in this particular instance which does not heighten the offence and aggravate the antisocial evil.

To us it is the saddest of spectacles to see such a book with such a name to it; but we do not believe it is all the production of that once most kind, happy, and charming of persons. It is bad enough to have contributed to and sanctioned it. For deeply mistaken is that woman, be she ever so injured, ever so exasperated, who can be persuaded that it is a proper or justifiable way to redress her wrongs and revenge her grievances by forgetting the lady, the friend, the wife, and the mother, and making her domestic squabbles or family afflictions the theme for every idle and worthless gossip tongue.

But the mischief does not stop here. The palpable exposures to which we have alluded are not like those which unfortunately come out in courts of law, when unhappy marriages have unhappy consequences or terminations. In these affairs the common love of scandal is only gratified by the attempts on either side to establish the truth of certain painful or disgraceful allegations. They are not mixed up with caricature, exaggeration, and fiction, till it is impossible to say where the truth (if there be any) ends and the falsehood begins. There are the complaints and the proofs—not the complaints, taking possibly the slightest possible grounds on which to build the superstructure of spiteful colouring and bitter misrepresentation. Thus, for example, in *Cheveley*, the heroine herself, a married woman, is painted as corporeally true to her husband (it must be allowed), but passionately in love with another man, and carrying on a sentimental and religious intercourse with him of the most reprehensible and criminal kind.

"The night was soft and balmy in the extreme, and the moon shone as brightly as any that had ever lit that Adrian sea; ever and anon fairy sounds floated on the air, of soft mandolins and softer voices, which, in their turn, were echoed by the ripple of the oars in the silver waters of those genius-haunted waves. 'I never see the sea by moonlight,' said Julia to Mowbray, as they sat together at the head of the gondola, 'without wishing I was Undine, that I might plunge in, and see all the bright treasures beneath.' 'What an exquisite tale that is!' replied he. 'Yes; and if she was supernatural, Huldrbrand was, at least, a true man, because a false one,' replied Julia, with a smile that was not seen, and a sigh that was heard, and felt too, at least by Mowbray. 'I fear,' said he, 'that his character is, indeed, but too true to nature; but the beauty of the story consists in the beauty of the allegory; for, surely,' he continued, in his lowest and most musical voice, as the gondola stopped at the steps of the Silver Lion—'surely, you must admit, that we never have a soul—at least, that we never feel that we have one, till we love.'

'I admit,' said Julia, trembling violently as she leaned on his arm to ascend the steps—'I admit, that we are never in danger of losing it till we love.'

Now this Julia, the wife of another, and the mother of his child, is drawn as a model of virtue; whilst a French governess, with less of sentiment, or rather with sentiment of another sort, and who suits her actions to her words, is

portrayed as a vile wanton. Alas, how much worse is she who falls altogether than she who prostitutes her whole mind, and heart, and soul? It is to have a fatal notion of moral duties to treat them after this fashion.

But we were only quoting this passage to shew how little the prurient curiosity, excited by the puffs of this work, is likely to be gratified, if it consults these pages with the idea of meeting with the disclosure of strange and wicked doings. No; we have clever irony and ridicule applied to every subject. Satire is the forte of the writer; and whether it is a picture of conjugal tyranny and domestic dissension—personal portraiture—descriptions of manners—or tracing motives—the same spirit runs wildly through the whole, and the sacrifice of every thing to satirical effect, or to the worse feeling of vengeance, is so apparent, that there is no point at which belief can stick, or credibility begin to be attached.

Such being the nature of this publication, rather than betrayal of every social and sacred duty, those who may be led to read it for the sake of slander will be disappointed. References to Pythagoras, Plato, Epictetus, &c., and long and learned quotations from Claudian, Pliny, Horace, &c., discover a masculine hand, and happily enable us to acquit the gifted lady, whose name is (where it should never have been) on the title-page, of the contrivance and execution (we trust) of the most odious portions. We fear she has suffered, and we inquire not whether that suffering might not have been mitigated or avoided by different conduct; but that suffering engenders our pity; and it is from our "heart of hearts," we deplore her having sought counsel from her angry passions, and been so ill-advised as to throw herself into the clutches of reckless and unprincipled people, to be made their tool. It seems to efface the bright, the beautiful, the spiritual, and the enchanting, from our memory; and to replace them by—what we cannot utter.

We select a few brief sentences to shew how the work is written :—

"Certainly, the French have more sentiment and less feeling than any people in the world:—had Tullia been a Frenchwoman, she might equally have driven over the dead body of her father; but then, what an elegy she would have written upon the event! and with what tears would she have read it out to a sympathising and admiring audience!"

One of the love palliatives is thus given:—

"Once, and only once, she asked herself if she did not like him too much; but she blushed crimson at the thought, and seemed to think the prudery of her imagination had insulted the purity of her heart by the question."

The Press.—"Oh! what an odious monster is an unprincipled press-gang—writing, telling, and propagating lies, from morning till night. Smiling in the face, and stabbing in the back! Of all reptiles, scribbling underlings are the vilest. Who from parasitical maggots, gloating on the meats of the rich man's table, turn into literary panders to the rich man's vices, whether printed or acted; who spit their anonymous venom with impunity at the weak or the injured; and while, serpentlike, they entangle their victim in their slimy coils, feel safe themselves from attack, from the conviction that none care to encounter the pestilence of their breath."

We have only further to notice that terrible havoc is made with the printing of the French and Latin; of which the liveliest example is the following version of *Nolo episcopari*,

"Nolo episco peri."

Bibliographical Essay on the Collection of Voyages and Travels. Edited and published by Levinus Hulsius and his successors, at Nuremberg and Frankfort, from Anno 1598 to 1660. By A. Asher. London and Berlin, 1839. Small 4to. pp. 118.

ONLY a few copies of this volume have been printed; and it is curious in itself. Nuremberg, the cradle of the mighty giant—Printing, witnessed some of the earliest efforts of the infant Hercules; and the productions of the press of Hulsius were not the least prominent of them.

"If it cannot be denied (says our author) that the literary productions of any given period mark the state and progress of the human mind, and thus become the standard whereby to judge the nations of ancient and modern times, it must be of interest to trace the *march of bookselling* as that link between the public and the author, whose study it is to test the wants and desires of the one, in order to stimulate the abilities and exertions of the other, and thus to give birth to such works as most readily will repay the labour and capital of the 'dealer in mental food.' It is this consideration which has induced the author of the present *Essay*, himself one of the bibliopolic fraternity, to examine the publications of Levinus Hulse, or Hulsius, a man whose services to literature, both as an author and a publisher, deserve to be more known than they at present are. Although I propose to enumerate all the works published by him, it is his 'Collection of Voyages and Travels' that has attracted my particular study; and this *Essay*, of which one hundred and twenty numbered copies only are printed, has been published in the present quart form, in order to match with the 'Collection' alluded to, and which it is intended to illustrate, and to introduce to the notice of the literary and curious."

This explains the nature of the design; and the following remarks describe the character of Hulse's labours:-

"Of all the authentic collections of early voyages and travels, which furnish the materials for universal history, none deserves more to be better known and appreciated than that published by Levinus Hulsius. It is mentioned as rare and valuable by Haller, Meusel, and Freytag; but the attention of the curious was not directed to the examination of its contents before the year 1802, when Camus, by an order of the French Institute, published his well-known *Mémoire de De Bry*."

Our author contends that Hulse's *Collection* is superior to De Bry's, famous as are the latter; and then, giving us a brief "Life" of this ancient and learned publisher, sets to work with his proposed task. Of the interesting manner in which it is executed, the following trio of examples will be sufficient testimony. The first is on the earliest attempts of the Dutch to discover a North-East Passage.*

"Two expensive expeditions having thus terminated in disappointment, the states-general felt no longer disposed to prosecute the discovery of a north-eastern passage. Yet, unwilling to relinquish the hope, and aware of the benefits that must accrue to the state from fostering a maritime spirit in the people, they issued a proclamation, offering a certain reward to such persons as should accomplish a voyage

to China by the desired route. The merchants of Amsterdam were thus encouraged to fit out two ships, the command of which they intrusted to the experienced pilot Barentz. He sailed at an earlier period than on his preceding voyage, and by the 1st of June had reached so high a latitude, that he had no night. On the 9th he arrived at Bear (afterwards called Cherry) Island; where the Dutch killed a bear, whose skin measured twelve feet in length. Ten days afterwards, they discovered land to the eastward, and found, by observations, they were in latitude $80^{\circ} 11'$. This is, unquestionably, the first discovery of Spitzbergen. The Dutch were surprised to find that this northern land was covered with good herbage, and supplied with herds of deer, while Nova Zembla, four degrees to the south, was a bleak and barren desert. Here also they found a multitude of red geese, such as visit some parts of Holland in the winter; but of which, as our author says, 'it was never known till this time where they hatched their eggs; so that some men have taken upon them to write, that they sit upon trees in Scotland, that hang over the water, and such eggs as fall from them down into the water, become young geese, and swim thereout of the water; but those that fall upon the land burst in sunder and are lost.' Thus the fable of the barnacles was supposed to be for the first time experimentally refuted. From Spitzbergen the two ships steered south-west till they arrived at Bear Island; and here they agreed to part company, Jan Cornelis wishing to examine the east coast of Spitzbergen, while Barentz hoped to find the passage to the eastward in a lower parallel. He steered, accordingly, for Nova Zembla, where, by the first week in August, he had reached the latitude 77° . But strong winds from the east opposing his progress, he was obliged to make fast the ship to an immense iceberg, which soon after burst into innumerable fragments, with a sudden explosion. Being forced to return, they reached, with difficulty, Ichhaven, in latitude $73^{\circ} 50'$, on the 26th; and here the ice which had beset them in the voyage immediately closed them up. The unhappy crew, now reduced to seventeen persons, found themselves under the necessity of passing the winter in this dreary and inhospitable spot. Luckily for them the driftwood on the shore was sufficiently abundant to supply them with fuel, and with the materials for a house. They calmly prepared to meet the difficulties of their situation; and the journal of their sufferings is rendered doubly interesting by their patience and resignation. It is difficult to conceive, and impossible to describe in adequate language, the feelings of men thus doomed to an abode of darkness, desolation, and intense cold, where bears and foxes are the only inhabitants of the forlorn scene. On the 4th of November, the last rays of the sun forsake them, and the cold increased until it became almost too intense for endurance. Their wine and beer were frozen and deprived of their strength. By means of great fires, of applying heated stones to their feet, and wrapping themselves in double fox-skin coats, they were just able to keep themselves from being frozen. But in searching for drift-wood, they were obliged to endure acute pain, and to brave imminent danger. They were also frequently assaulted by bears, which fearlessly assaulted their wooden hut; but they found means to kill some of those animals, the fat of which they used for their lamps. It is remarkable that, when the sun disappeared, the bears also took their departure, and then the white foxes came in great numbers. These

animals, which served at once for food and clothing, were easily taken by traps set on the roof of the house. When the 19th of December arrived, these unhappy men derived comfort from the consideration that the season of darkness had half expired; and that, with the return of the sun, they would find new resources and means of preservation. Their spirits were not so far sunk as to prevent them from celebrating Twelfth-eve, with an extra allowance of wine, and with games. The gunner was made king of Nova Zembla, 'which is at least two hundred miles long, and lyeth between two seas.' At length, the joyful moment arrived. On the 27th of January, the entire disc of the sun was visible above the horizon, to the surprise of Barentz, who did not expect its appearance for fourteen days to come. But the calculation of Barentz was undoubtedly erroneous; while, on the other hand, the narrative cannot be easily explained, for, under ordinary circumstances of refraction, the appearance of the sun would seem to have been premature by seven or eight days. The appearance of the northern limb of the sun above the horizon on the 24th of January, in latitude 76° N., supposes a refraction of nearly three degrees. With the light of the sun, the bears also returned. The weather grew more boisterous and inclement, so that it was June before they could set about repairing their two boats; for the ship was too much injured by the ice to be again refitted by their feeble exertions. On the 13th of that month, they prepared to quit their wretched abode; but Barentz first drew up in writing, and left in the wooden hut, a list of their names, with an account of their misfortunes, and a description of what had befallen them while residing here. They then left Icy Haven in two small boats. But Barentz, enfeebled by sickness and anxiety, was unable to profit from the gleam of hope which now broke in upon them. He died on the 26th, to the great affliction of the crew, who placed unbounded confidence in his skill and experience. There are many instances on record, of long voyages performed through the ocean in open boats, but, perhaps, there is not one of so extraordinary a character as the present, in which two small boats ventured to cross the frozen ocean, more than eleven hundred miles, continually threatened by masses of floating ice, liable to the attack of bears, and exposed, for upwards of forty days, to the extremities of cold, famine, sickness, and fatigue. At length, the exhausted crews arrived at Cola, where they found three Dutch ships; in which they embarked and reached the Maes in safety, in October 1597. The account of these three voyages appears to have created a general sensation throughout Europe. It was first published in Dutch in 1598, and was translated *the same year* into Latin, twice into German, and into French. All these editions were frequently reprinted."

Our next relates to a voyage to the Gold Coast, and is introduced by some general observations:-

"This part of our collection refers to the conquests of the Dutch on the Gold Coast of Guinea: and the following extracts may serve as an introduction to the history of those enterprises which gave rise to the formation of the Dutch East India Company. One Bernard Ericks (or Erikson), of Medenblick, having been taken at sea by the Portuguese, and carried to the Principe Islands in the Bight of Guinea, heard there of the rich trade they drove on the Gold Coast. Being afterwards set at liberty, and returning to Holland, he offered

* "Dritte Theil, etc. i.e. Third part, true Relation of the three unheard-of curious Navigations made by the Dutch and Zealand vessels towards the North, in three succeeding years, viz. Ao. 1594, 1595, 1596, etc. etc. Translated from the Dutch into High-German, by Levinus Hulsius. Nuremberg, 1602. Vignette: a vessel surrounded by ice."

his service to some merchants for a Guinea voyage, who accordingly furnished him with a ship and a proper cargo. Ericks performed the voyage successfully in 1595, running along the whole Gold Coast, where he settled a good correspondence with the blacks for carrying on a further trade. These people, finding his goods much better and cheaper than they used to have from the Portuguese, and being disgusted at the violence and oppression of their tyrannical government, encouraged Erikson. The Portuguese, on the other hand, endeavoured to incense the natives against the Dutch, representing them as traitors and rebels to their king; and telling the negroes they came not so much for the sake of trade, as to spy the country and reduce them to slavery. They also strove, by presents and bribes, to corrupt the negroes to destroy these new comers, who traded with them, or to betray them into their hands. The governor of La Mina offered a reward of a hundred florins for every ship they could surprise or take from the Dutch; who by these arts lost the good opinion of the natives, till they recovered it again by the frequency of their visits. If you will believe the Portuguese authors, the Dutch treated the blacks even worse than themselves had done. Vasconcelos says that the rebels (meaning the Dutch) gained more upon the blacks by drunkenness, giving them wine and strong liquors, than by force of arms, and instructing them as ministers of the devil in their wickedness. But that their dissolute lives and manners, joined to the advantages which the Portuguese of Mina, though inferior in number, had gained over them in some encounters, had rendered them as contemptible among the blacks for their cowardice as want of virtue. That, however, the blacks being a barbarous people, susceptible of the first impressions, readily enough swallowed Calvin's poison, as well as took off the merchandise; which the Dutch, taking the advantage of the Portuguese indolence, sold along the coast, where they had, by such means, become absolute pirates. That they held, without any other right but force, the fort at Boutroe, four leagues from that at Axim; also the settlements of Kora, Koromantin, and Aldea del Tuerto, at Kommendo. That they peaceably enjoyed the commerce of Mina itself, where they purchased above two millions of gold yearly, and exported all that could be furnished there by the Fazars, and other inland nations. That the quantity of merchandise brought by the Dutch, and their cheapness, had made the barbarians the more greedy of them; although the author says that persons of honour and quality had assured him that they would willingly pay double for Portuguese goods, as suspecting the Dutch to be of less value, buying them only for want of better. The Portuguese at La Mina, finding the Dutch trade on the coast increase, to their great loss, still endeavoured to excite the natives against them. In 1599, five Dutchmen, going in a canoe to Mowri, were by a calm detained at sea near the Castle of La Mina; which the governor observing, sent some negroes, who fell upon them, and wounding them, carried them ashore, where they cut off their heads, which they presented to the governor, and afterwards converted the skulls into drinking-cups. The governor set their broken limbs on the castle walls, to terrify the Dutch. They tried all clandestine ways to hurt the Dutch, whom they mortally hated. But about this time, for want of supplies from Lisbon, and by the decay of their trade, they were grown so weak, that they were glad to lie still in their fortresses,

for fear the natives, to whom they were become odious, should seize and deliver them up to the Dutch. In effect, this same year, the Kommando and Fetu blacks, animated by the Dutch, who supplied them with arms and other necessities, rose against the Portuguese. These had above three hundred men killed in that war. The Dutch, who till then had found much difficulty to make settlements on the Gold Coast, notwithstanding their being countenanced by the blacks, resolved now to erect some forts on the coast of Benin and Angola. Then practising underhand with several of the kings, he of Sabow gave them leave to build a fort at Mowri, three leagues east from Cabo Corso, which they finished in the year 1624, and gave the command of it to Adrian Jacobs, at the time when the crown of Portugal was at war with the Dutch, but possessed by Philip the Fourth, king of Spain."

Our last is to a different part of the world.

"William Schouten's Expedition to the Pacific." — Die sechzehende Schiffahrt, i. e. the sixteenth voyage journal, or description of the wonderful voyage of William Schouten, of Holland, in the years 1615, 16, and 17, wherein he discovered a new thoroughfare near Magellan's Strait into the South Sea, which hitherto had been unknown, etc. etc. Illustrated by many maps and plates. Francfort sumptibus Hulsiani, 1619 (no other edition known). Frontispiece, two Americans. Preface, 4 pages. Text, pp. 7-90. 9 maps and plates. Of the plates, some represent incidents and views similar to those of De Bry; but instead of four maps, with which the present voyage is illustrated, De Bry has only two. Hulsius's account of this "Navigation," one of the most consequential of the seventeenth century, is of extreme interest. It will be seen by the extract quoted below, that two accounts of this expedition were published, shortly after the completion of the voyage, by the respective friends of Schouten and Lemaire, the two navigators, which differ in many instances. De Bry's and Hulsius's versions of these Dutch accounts appeared both in 1619, but they translated from the two differing originals; in consequence of which, these translations present the curious with all the facts as stated on both sides. Our version, however, is beyond comparison superior to its competitor ("Grandes Voyages XI."), as it renders all those passages correctly which in De Bry have become quite unintelligible (see "Camus Mémoire," pp. 148-153). Thus, for instance, De Bry, in the very beginning of the book, states, under the 12th of July, 'saw some wildernes,' into which absurd error he was probably led by the circumstance that the islands were called, as stated by Hulsius, p. 8, the Salvages (two small desert isles, S.S.E. of Madeira), taking Salvages for Sauvages! And this proof of the ignorance of the editor of De Bry's translation is certainly sufficient to uphold the opinion stated in the introduction of this memoir, that our collection is not alone much more correct, but is in fact indispensably necessary to those "amateurs" who have purchased De Bry, not alone as a curious, but also as a useful book."

The whole of the volume is full of statements of this kind. Need we repeat that it affords a very curious and interesting view of the earliest European navigation and foreign discoveries?

The Phantom Ship. By Capt. Marryat, R.N., author of "Peter Simple," "Jacob Faithful," &c. 3 vols. London. Colburn. THE vigour and power of Capt. Marryat's pen are so well known by his former works, and

even in the present instance, have been so forcibly indicated by the appearance of nearly half of *The Phantom Ship* in the popular pages of the "New Monthly Magazine," that it is altogether unnecessary for us to say more than that the *whole* has thus appeared. That "whole" constitutes one of his best stories, combining the supernatural in an admirable manner with the sea and seamanship so peculiarly the writer's own domain. The exhibition of religious persecutions, too, is affecting and tragically wrought into the narrative, and a deep interest is kept up to the very last scene on board the *Phantom Ship*.

That we may not interfere with that interest we shall content ourselves with a preceding specimen, where the fated vessel speaks the homeward bound, in which the hero, Philip, and his incorporeal companion, Schriften, are passengers.

"A bank of clouds rose up from the eastward, with a rapidity that, to the seaman's eyes, was unnatural, and it soon covered the whole firmament; the sun was obscured, and all was one deep and unnatural gloom; the wind subsided, and the ocean was hushed. It was not exactly dark, but the heavens were covered with one red haze, which gave an appearance as if the world was in a state of conflagration. In the cabin the increased darkness was first observed by Philip, who went on deck; he was followed by the captain and passengers, who were in a state of amazement. It was unnatural and incomprehensible. 'Now, holy Virgin, protect us! what can this be?' exclaimed the captain in a fright. 'Holy Saint Antonio, protect us—but this is awful!' 'There! there!' shouted the sailors, pointing to the beam of the vessel. Every eye looked over the gunnel to witness what had occasioned such exclamations. Philip, Schriften, and the captain, were side by side. On the beam of the ship, not more than two cables' length distant, they beheld, slowly rising out of the water, the tapering mast-head and spars of another vessel. She rose, and rose gradually; her topmasts and topsail yards, with the sails set, next made their appearance; higher and higher she rose up from the element. Her lower masts and rigging, and, lastly, her hull shewed itself above the surface. Still she rose up till her ports, with her guns, and at last the whole of her floatage was above water; and there she remained close to them, with her main-yard squared, and hove-to. 'Holy Virgin!' exclaimed the captain, breathless; 'I have known ships to go down, but never to come up before. Now will I give one thousand candles, of ten ounces each, to the shrine of the Virgin to save us in this trouble. One thousand wax candles! Hear me, blessed Lady; ten ounces each. Gentlemen,' cried the captain to the passengers, who stood aghast—'why don't you promise?—promise, I say; promise, at all events.' 'The Phantom Ship—the Flying Dutchman!' shrieked Schriften; 'I told you so, Philip Vanderdecken; there is your father—He! he!' Philip's eyes had remained fixed on the vessel; he perceived that they were lowering down a boat from her quarter. 'It is possible,' thought he, 'I shall now be permitted!' and Philip put his hand into his bosom, and grasped the relic. The gloom now increased, so that the strange vessel's hull could but just be discovered through the murky atmosphere. The seamen and passengers threw themselves down on their knees, and invoked their saints. The captain ran down for a candle, to light before the image of St. Antonio, which he took out of its shrine, and kissed with much apparent affection and devo-

tion, and then replaced. Shortly afterwards the splash of oars was heard alongside, and a voice calling out, ‘I say, my good people, give us a rope from forward.’ No one answered, or complied with the request. Schriften only went up to the captain, and told him, that if they offered to send letters they must not be received, or the vessel would be doomed, and all would perish. A man now made his appearance from over the gunnel, at the gangway. ‘You might as well have let me had a side rope, my hearties,’ said he, as he stepped on deck; ‘where is the captain?’ ‘Here,’ replied the captain, trembling from head to foot. The man who accosted him appeared a weather-beaten seaman, dressed in a fur cap and canvass petticoats; he held some letters in his hand. ‘What do you want?’ at last screamed the captain. ‘Yes—what do you want?’ continued Schriften, ‘He! he!’ ‘What, you here, pilot?’ observed the man; ‘well—I thought you had gone to Davy’s locker, long enough ago.’ ‘He! he!’ replied Schriften, turning away. ‘Why, the fact is, captain, we have had very foul weather, and we wish to send letters home: I do believe that we shall never get round this Cape.’ ‘I can’t take them,’ cried the captain. ‘Can’t take them! Well, it’s very odd, but every ship refuses to take our letters. It’s very unkind: seamen should have a feeling for brother seamen, especially in distress. God knows, we wish to see our wives and families again; and it would be a matter of comfort to them if they only could hear from us.’ ‘I cannot take your letters; the saints preserve us!’ replied the captain. ‘We have been a long while out,’ said the seaman, shaking his head. ‘How long?’ inquired the captain, not knowing what to say. ‘We can’t tell; our almanack was blown overboard, and we have lost our reckoning. We never have our latitude exact now, for we cannot tell the sun’s declination for the right day.’ ‘Let me see your letters,’ said Philip, advancing, and taking them out of the seaman’s hands. ‘They must not be touched!’ screamed Schriften. ‘Out, monster!’ replied Philip; ‘who dares interfere with me?’ ‘Doomed, doomed, doomed!’ shrieked Schriften, running up and down the deck, and then breaking into a wild fit of laughter. ‘Touch not the letters,’ said the captain, trembling as if in an ague fit. Philip made no reply, but held his hand out for the letters. ‘Here is one from our second mate, to his wife at Amsterdam, who lives on Waser Quay.’ ‘Waser Quay has long been gone, my good friend; there is now a large dock for ships where it once was,’ replied Philip. ‘Impossible!’ replied the man; ‘here is another from the boatswain to his father, who lives in the old market-place.’ ‘The old market-place has long been pulled down, and there now stands a church upon the spot.’ ‘Impossible!’ replied the seaman; ‘here is another from myself to my sweetheart, Vrouw Ketser—with money to buy her a new brooch.’ Philip shook his head—‘I remember seeing an old lady of that name buried some thirty years ago.’ ‘Impossible! I left her young and blooming. Here’s one for the house of Stultz and Co., to whom the ship belongs.’ ‘There’s no such house now,’ replied Philip; ‘but I have heard, that many years ago there was a firm of that name.’ ‘Impossible! you must be laughing at me. Here is a letter from our captain to his son—’ ‘Give it me,’ cried Philip, seizing the letter; he was about to break the seal, when Schriften snatched it out of his hand, and threw it over the lee gunnel. ‘That’s a scurvy trick for an old shipmate,’ observed the seaman.

Schriften made no reply, but catching up the other letters which Philip had laid down on the capstan, he hurled them after the first. The strange seaman shed tears, and walked again to the side:—‘It is very hard—very unkind,’ observed he, as he descended; ‘the time may come when you may wish that your family should know your situation;’ so saying, he disappeared: in a few seconds was heard the sound of the oars, retreating from the ship. ‘Holy St. Antonio!’ exclaimed the captain, ‘I am lost in wonder and fright. Steward, bring me up the arrack.’ The steward ran down for the bottle; being as much alarmed as his captain, he helped himself before he brought it up to his commander. ‘Now,’ said the captain, after keeping his mouth for two minutes to the bottle, and draining it to the bottom, ‘what is to be done next?’ ‘I’ll tell you,’ said Schriften, going up to him. ‘That man there has a charm hung round his neck; take it from him and throw it overboard, and your ship will be saved; if not, it will be lost, with every soul on board.’ ‘Yes, yes, it’s all right, depend upon it,’ cried the sailors. ‘Fools,’ replied Philip, ‘do you believe that wretch? Did you not hear the man who came on board recognise him, and call him shipmate? He is the party whose presence on board will prove so unfortunate.’ ‘Yes, yes,’ cried the sailors, ‘it’s all right, the man did call him shipmate.’ ‘I tell you it’s all wrong,’ cried Schriften; ‘that is the man, let him give up the charm.’ ‘Yes, yes, let him give up the charm,’ cried the sailors, and they rushed upon Philip. Philip started back to where the captain stood. ‘Madmen, know ye then what ye are about? It is the holy cross that I wear round my neck. Throw it overboard if you dare, and your souls are lost for ever;’ and Philip took the relic from his bosom and shewed it to the captain. ‘No, no, men,’ exclaimed the captain, who was now more settled in his nerves, ‘that won’t do—the saints protect us.’ The seamen, however, became clamorous; one portion were for throwing Schriften overboard, the other for throwing Philip; at last, the point was decided by the captain, who directed the small skiff, hanging astern, to be lowered down, and ordered both Philip and Schriften to get into it. The seamen approved of this arrangement, as it satisfied both parties. Philip made no objection; Schriften screamed and fought, but he was tossed into the boat. There he remained trembling in the stern sheets, while Philip, who had seized the sculls, pulled away from the vessel in the direction of the Phantom Ship.”

MISCELLANEOUS.

Influences of the Corn-Laws, as affecting all Classes of the Community, and particularly the Landed Interests. By James Wilson, Esq. 8vo. pp. 135. London, 1839. Longman and Co.

Our readers would not thank us to go into a discussion of the corn-laws, which have been thrashed out, winnowed, and sifted, in every organ of public opinion for months, till it seems impossible to say anything new on the subject. All we shall note, therefore, is, that Mr. Wilson, after a laborious inquiry, and supporting himself on ‘parliamentary returns,’ takes a somewhat original view of the question (or rather of half of it, for he leaves the manufacturing effects undiscussed); and contends that a repeal would benefit the landed and agricultural interests, and through them every class of the community and the nation at large. One sug-

gestion appears to be of practical value, viz. the appointment of a Government Institution, for the purpose of collecting and furnishing, periodically, all the statistical facts connected with agricultural pursuits, similar to those which the custom-house documents furnish to the mercantile classes.

Pocket Biblical Dictionary. By D. Davidson, author of ‘The Pocket Commentary,’ &c. 1839. Edinburgh, Thornton and Collic, &c.; and London, Dublin, Glasgow, Aberdeen, Manchester.

A very useful little dictionary condensed from Calmet, Brown, Clarke, and later travellers and authors.

School Botany, &c. &c. By J. Lindley, F.R.S. &c. &c. Pp. 118. London, 1839. Longman and Co.

An explanation according to the classification of De Candolle, and intended as a guide to students in botany. Dr. Lindley is a high authority on the subject: perhaps a little too technical and learned for beginners, but for those more advanced, nothing could be better.

The Sorrows of Deafness, by G. H. Bosanquet. Pp. 31. (London, Saunders and Otley.)—Mr. Bosanquet seems to feel very acutely the inconveniences and evils attendant on deafness; and he describes them in a touching manner. We should be deaf to his representations, did we not say that his little brochure is an interesting picture of this affliction.

The First Book of Modern Geography, &c., by the Rev. Alex. Stewart. 8vo. pp. 92. (Edinburgh, Thornton and Collie, J. Brydone; London, Whittaker and Co.)—The minister of Douglas is already known as the author of several useful elementary books; and this is an addition to the number.

Considerations on the State of the Nation. Pp. 71.—A pamphlet without an author’s or a publisher’s name, in which the writer, ‘good easy man,’ because his grandfather was Scotch, his grandmother Irish, his father English, and his mother of the family of a French refugee, fancies he can persuade all the population of England, Scotland, and Ireland, to agree to one religious faith, and one mode of religious worship!!! Having arranged this scheme to his own satisfaction, he proposes to settle every other social, international, political, economical, and general question (including a few in the fine arts), upon the clearest principles of the college of Utopia. The superintendence of the whole plan he would assign to a strong coalition ministry, with the Dukes of Cambridge and Wellington at its head. Such an administration, we agree, might accomplish much good for the country; but we doubt much that it could carry into effect the ideas of our cosmopolitan projector.

A Letter to Dr. Birkbeck, on the Arts forming a Basis of our National Education, and a Means of Employment to an increasing Population, by R. T. Stothard, F.S.A., elect., &c. Pp. 30. (London, Hookham.)—An earnest appeal in favour of the arts, mechanics, &c. as essential parts of general education.

Political Medicine, &c., by Dr. H. Maunsell. Pp. 45. (Dublin, J. Porter, Fannin and Co.; London, Henshaw.)—In this discourse Dr. Maunsell very ably handles the subjects of gaol distempers, quackery, lunatic infusions, and other matters, to which the science of medicine may be considered to be militarily applied.

Afred Maudlin, the Would-be Traveller. Pp. 190. (London, Houlston and Co.)—Some amusing accounts of animals of various kinds, instructive for juvenile readers.

The Devoted One, and other Poems, by Dugald Moore. Pp. 244. (Glasgow, J. Murray; London, Baily and Co.; Edinburgh, Black.)—Mr. Dugald Moore is a persevering poet; but we fear he will never add much to the fame of the name. This drama, and a number of minor pieces, are not of a character to claim much praise.

The Bouquet, &c., by a Florist. Pp. 102. (London, Simpkin and Marshall.)—A little treatise describing the pretty plants which flourish in rooms, and telling our florists how to manage them, so as to keep them in health and preserve their beauty.

The Author’s Assistant. Pp. 60. (London, Saunders and Otley).—*The Author’s Assistant!*—We looked at the title, and exclaimed, ‘How benevolent!’ No race of people need assistance more, and we shall be glad to see what means are devised to help them. On turning to the book, however, we discovered that it was only one of instruction how to correct their work, and make calculations with respect to paper, printing, and other requisites in printing and publishing.

The London and Birmingham Railway, &c., by Thomas Roscoe and Peter Le Count. Pp. 196. (London, Tilt.)—This is a very pretty volume, abounding with woodcuts, and with an excellent map. As no travellers by the “road” can know anything about the country through which they are gliding, it is very well to have a guide to tell you what are upon your right hand and your left you could see them.

An Introductory Lecture on the Study of English Law, by P. Stafford Catey, M.A., Professor of English Law, pp. 46. (London, Taylor and Walton.)—A very able lecture delivered at University College in December last. The general ideas are valuable and comprehensive.

Scriptural Hymns by the Rev. Dr. Doddridge, by his Great-Grandson, J. Doddridge Humphreys, Esq. Pp. 316. (London, Darton and Clark.)—Some new hymns, not before printed, are added to this edition, which we doubt not will add to the great popularity the collection has always enjoyed.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ELECTRICAL SOCIETY.

TUESDAY, 2d April.—Read a communication from Mr. Martyn Roberts, descriptive ‘Of a Galvanic Battery,’ lately perfected by him, ‘which promises to be of essential service to Electrical Science.’ It consists of a wooden box, divided into cells, like the trough for Wollaston’s battery. The plates (copper and zinc) are circular disks, in metallic connexion, fitted on a wooden axle, and immersed in dilute acid only one-half, or to their centres. Between the copper and zinc plate, in each cell, is stretched a strip of flannel, or cloth, from one end of the box to the other, and lightly rubbing on both plates, to the axle of which a handle is fixed, to turn them slowly round. In this way the cloth rubber removes the coating of oxide from the zinc—the precipitated metal on the copper plate, and also the hydrogen gas attached to that plate. Mr. Roberts found the production of gas four times as rapid when the plates were turned, than when not. This arises from the constant clean surface of the plates, and from the great galvanic energy acquired by the plates being exposed to the air in their revolution (one-half of the surface being always so exposed). A comparison of the expense of the exciting fluid, with that necessary for Daniell’s battery, was greatly in favour of Mr. Roberts’s arrangement. The results of the decomposing power, &c., of the two batteries consuming the given exciting fluid, were not, however, given.—Read also, ‘Arguments in Favour of Homogeneous Repulsion,’ by Mr. C. V. Walker. The arguments, and close and clear investigations, were pursued in relation to all the phenomena of electricity, being contained in two propositions: “electricity attracts matter,” “electricity repels electricity.” With these, in order to explain the mutual repulsion of two negatively electrified bodies, some have been induced to unite a third, viz. “matter repels matter.” This third proposition Mr. Walker did not admit; he conceived matter to be so inert, that but for some cause, extraneous to itself, were any portion placed in any spot in the universe, in that spot would it remain for ever motionless and changeless; and he doubted not that future inquiries will enable us to conclude, that this inertia of matter, in its fullest and most extended sense, pervades the universe; and that all the varied changes of place in the planetary system, and all the admirable mechanism which regulates the whole, owe their existence to the electric fluid alone—to that fluid which seems to him, as far as we yet know, to be repulsive of its own particles, and attractive of all else. With this view, on this basis, and in the true spirit of generalization—tracing all the phenomena of nature as dependent on the fewest causes, and detecting in these few the perfection of simplicity indissolubly engrafted on the grandeur of design—were the arguments followed out. They embraced the phenomena of bodies positively and negatively electrified. For the details we refer our readers to the Society’s Journal; our space, limited always, but especially at this busy season of the year, will not permit our doing them justice.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

B. B. CABELL, Esq. in the chair.—Balance in favour of Society at last settlement, 810*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.* The refreshment-room in the gardens has just been let at a rent of 360*l.* per annum; the first year paid in advance. Amongst the donations was a curious specimen of the flying opossum, presented by Lady Maria Stanley. Upwards of 6000 persons visited the gardens and museum in March. The secretary read a list of members of the council whose removal was recommended; viz. Sir J. Boileau, Bart., the Bishop of Norwich, Prof. Owen, Mr. Brown, and Col. Sykes. The names on the balloting list, proposed by the Council, were, the Right Hon. T. F. Lewis, Messrs. Darwin, Ogilvy, Wishaw, and Yarrell, and Sir G. Clerk, Bart. in the room of B. Hawes, Esq. M.P., who has resigned.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, March 23d.—The last day of term, the following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—Rev. W. Smith, Christ Church; C. Badham, Wadham College; J. Butler, All Soul’s College.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday.—Geographical, 8 P.M.; Statistical, 8 P.M.; United Service Institution, 9 P.M.; British Architects, 8 P.M.

Tuesday.—Royal Medical and Chirurgical, 8*p.m.*

Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 7*p.m.*; Geographical, 8*p.m.*; London Institution, 7*p.m.*; Medico-Botanical, 8*p.m.*; Graphic, 8*p.m.*; Literary Fund, 3*p.m.*

Thursday.—Royal Society, 8*p.m.*; Antiquaries, 8*p.m.*

Friday.—Astronomical, 8 P.M.; Royal Institution, 8*p.m.*

FINE ARTS.

THE PHOTOGENIC ART.

SIR,—The interest which you have taken in the subject of heliographic and photogenic drawing, and in the question of priority of invention, not only between France and England, but among ourselves, induces me to offer to your attention what I certainly claim to have been with me an original invention, whatever unpublished priority may be claimed by Mr. Fox Talbot. I herewith send you two specimens of works which I have executed, without the slightest idea that any one before me had ever thought of the process by which I produced them. If it be a subject of reproach that a man, having made a discovery which he believes to be valuable, attempts to secure a personal benefit by a patent, it will apply to hundreds of inventions for which patents have been obtained. I did, certainly, with two other artists, attempt to secure one for the particular application of this new art; and I believe that it would have been tenable, but for some melancholy circumstances which led to the disclosure, and its abandonment. Our object was to have united with us as many artists as a patent would allow, viz. twelve. Self-protection prompted this—for the new art, as it was spoken of threatened us with the loss of our occupation. ’Tis sufficient that it was neither a selfish nor an unworthy procedure by which twelve artists might have been saved from the ruin, if the threatened power of the new art could have been realised; and they surely would have been justified in seeking to protect themselves. The charge comes with an ill grace from one who, by his own shewing, has kept from the world for five years a discovery which has made such progress in other

* Correspondence of this interesting kind we readily insert without remark.—*Ed. L. G.*
† They are exquisitely beautiful.—*Ed. L. G.*

hands in five weeks! Why Mr. Talbot should have felt sore, and jealous of the improvements and discoveries which they have made upon his invention, in consequence of his disclosures, I cannot understand, and still less his seeming to claim all that others do: what he did disclose was only an amusement—a plaything. Others, and among them Mr. Havell and myself, have endeavoured to found upon it an art; and I have produced some specimens which encourage me to believe it will become an important one; but what we have done was nowhere disclosed or claimed by Mr. Talbot until after ours were produced. He says now, that he produced such effects through glass five years before. I believe sincerely what he, as a gentleman, states to be true; but as neither Mr. Havell nor I had any means during Mr. Talbot’s five years’ silence, or from his recent disclosures to the Royal Society, or in your journal, after Daguerre’s announcement, of knowing that he had ever produced such effects as we have by etching and painting upon glass (clearly not Mr. Havell’s process, who painted on the glass with opaque white the same effect which the action of the light produced upon the paper), or that he etched on glass, even as an amateur, effects like those which I have made in the specimens I now send to you; upon what grounds, then, does Mr. Talbot deny that these are our inventions? Read his letters, and see that, though he may have fancied a process by which Mr. Havell’s invention or mine may have been produced, he gave no publicity to such thoughts before ours were produced; nor can any evidence be brought to prove that Mr. Havell’s process or mine was derived from him. The inventions were our own, and we first disclosed their processes; he as a painter, I as an engraver. I am sorry for the soreness Mr. Talbot has shewn, for I feel under great obligations to him for what he did disclose. No doubt now remains that his process and Daguerre’s, or, rather, Niepce’s, are essentially different: I own, however, most willingly, that my invention, and I am sure that of Mr. Havell’s also, are entirely due to the publicity he gave to his improvements upon Wedgwood’s and Davy’s researches, and his discovery of fixing the designs. His claim for England, as he believed that his process was similar to, and preceeded Daguerre’s, certainly led to every subsequent improvement here; for, if Mr. Talbot had not shewn what he could do, and how he did it, neither my productions nor Mr. Havell’s could ever have been heard of. If he claims, however, all that the new art has produced, or may produce in other hands, which he did not publish before, nor claim until afterwards, he will find others beside me to refuse his claims. With this statement, I claim the invention as original with me of etching such a design upon glass as I have now the pleasure of sending to you.—I am, &c.

J. T. WILMORE.

CORONATION OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

Painted by E. T. Parris.

WHEN we heard that Mr. Parris had undertaken to paint a picture of the late coronation, we felt persuaded that it was just the kind of subject to which the peculiar talents and qualifications of that able and tasteful artist were calculated to do justice. The result has proved that our anticipation was well founded. Those who were not present at the impressive ceremony, the most important and interesting act of which this fine work represents, can have but an imperfect idea of the fidelity of the performance, although they cannot fail to remark the grandeur and brilliance of its effect. The

congregation of all that is illustrious, dignified, elegant, and lovely in the land, in the richest possible dresses—many of them in the superbly ornamented robes belonging to the high offices, the duties of which they were, on that auspicious day, called upon to discharge—surrounding, and gazing upon, the fair and youthful descendant of a long line of monarchs, about to take upon herself the awful responsibility of presiding over the destinies of a mighty empire—the crowd of excited and attentive spectators, native and foreign (the latter glittering with the decorations of their respective countries), in the numerous and spacious galleries—the magnificent and venerable edifice, with its long and lofty vista of pillars, and arches, and windows, through which the sunlight streams, communicating a mellow warmth of colour to every thing that it touches—altogether, afforded an opportunity for the exercise and triumph of his pencil, of which Mr. Parris has most happily availed himself. From many of the noble actors and actresses in the regal drama, he subsequently obtained sittings; and of the others, he resorted to various modes of obtaining sketches, which materially assisted him; and enabled him, without impairing what ought to be the general character of an historical composition, to impart sufficient individuality to the principal personages present.

The picture was on private view, for the first three days of this week, at Mr. Parris's residence, in Grafton Street, previously to its being sent to Mr. Moon, for whom it was executed; and who, of course, intends to have it immediately engraved.*

ANCIENT PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

THE ancient public buildings of a nation are among its most important memorials, as is sufficiently manifested by the interest attached to the vast ruins of Egypt, and the elaborate works of ancient Greece and Rome. These are not merely objects of curiosity and study to the architect and antiquary, but are visited with avidity by all classes of travellers; and their historical and national peculiarities are matters of interesting discussion amongst scholars and the well-informed classes of all countries. If Great Britain, and the other northern parts of Europe, do not offer to the traveller buildings of equal interest, or of similar classical associations, it must be evident that they contain others equally valuable to the man of science and to the general historian. The splendid cathedrals and monastic churches of the middle ages, are unparalleled by any of the pagan edifices of more ancient times, in their scientific principles; in their endless novelty of design; in their picturesque and artistic combinations. Even these are, however, old, and, like those of more remote eras, are fast decaying;—are successively crumbling beneath the slow, but certain operations of time, and the more rapid spoliations of man. The French government, with a wise and noble patriotism, has recently appointed a committee to investigate and report on the present state and former characteristics of the antiquities of their nation; and have also appropriated an annual sum of money to preserve and repair them. This is an example to be imitated; and we are much gratified to learn that some members of our own legislature are at length roused to a due sense of the value and interest attached to our native antiquities; and that parliamentary

measures are about to be adopted to inquire into their condition. Although too late to recover what is lost, there is great scope to save much that remains; to check the progress of a ruin which reflects on our character as a nation, and ranks us with the barbarians of an uncivilized community.

HENRY P. BONE, ESQ.

WITH political offices the *Literary Gazette* has nothing to do. Who the Queen may think fit to select as her first lord of the treasury, or chancellor of the exchequer, is, happily, no concern of ours. But it is not so with the arts; and it is, therefore, with great satisfaction we announce, that her Majesty has been graciously pleased to appoint Henry P. Bone, Esq., son of the late Henry Bone, Esq., R.A., her enamel painter. Our notices of the exhibitions have frequently brought Mr. Bone favourably before our readers. To still greater skill and power in the mechanical department of his difficult art than were possessed even by his late worthy father, he adds original talents, which the enameller, who generally contents himself with copying the works of others, can seldom boast. To say nothing of his historical compositions in oil, Mr. Bone's miniature portraits, in enamel, painted at once from the life, are eminently beautiful; and the circumstance, that they are as imperishable as they are admirable, necessarily enhances their value. We congratulate Mr. Bone on the honour he has received; and we trust the Royal Academy will not be slow in following up the mark of royal approbation, which has thus been bestowed on an able artist and a most deserving man.

EXHIBITION AT THE LOUVRE: WORKS OF MODERN ARTISTS, 1839.

[Second notice.]

OF the artists who have exhibited this year, we will select, as one of the first in name, in talent, in a rich store of grand and magnificent works already executed, Horace Vernet, and with him we will begin our notice of the historical painters. Indeed, in his own peculiar line, as a painter of battles, he has no rival—*facile princeps*; and he stands alone, far above the artists of any other country in Europe. His *magnum opus*, which was exhibited two years ago, "The Battle of Fontenoy," now at Véritailles, is a picture the *pendant* to which it is hardly given to any one artist to produce, even during a long professional life; but though we have nothing of this kind in the present *salon*, we find the story of the taking of Constantina depicted on three immense canvases, with all the force and all the success for which Vernet is so justly celebrated. The subject was much against him as a colourist, and there was every chance of his failing to please the multitude in this respect. The wintry aspect even of an African climate, the uniform gray coat and red trowsers of the French army, the absence of all military pomp and ornament resulting from the severe operations of the siege, were circumstances enough to dishearten any painter. Vernet, however, with the instinct of a great mind, determined to make his picture historically true, and, by giving a military strictness to his compositions, to add to them that value of nature and faithful delineation which would fit them for being appreciated in after-times. This is what he has done; but he has thrown into the pictures the whole force of which he is master; and the grouping, the individual designing, and the general idea of each picture, are all that can be wished, or all that can be

expected from the nature of the subject. In one picture he represents the Duke de Nemours heading a battalion of the African foreign legion in repelling an attack of the besieged Arabs in a sortie against the heights of Coudiat Aty, held by the French. The Arabs are just seen coming up the steep hill side, and the French troops are making a dash over a low stone wall and a bank. The Duke de Nemours "points out the path to glory"—a little too tamely, perhaps (but the compliment of the king's favourite artist is excusable), while old Damremont stands coolly behind to see the youthful and ardent spirits of the legion pay off the Arabs in their own coin. By the side of this, is the attack on Constantina, at the moment when Marshal Valée has given the order to leave the trenches, and the first column, under Colonel de Lamoricière, one of the most gallant spirits of France, is rushing at the breach. The spectator stands in the inclosure of the breaching battery, and has a fine view of the picturesque town and the mountains beyond. On the left are the troops all in motion: in the middle, the Duke de Nemours, as honorary commandant of the trenches, repeating the marshal's order: a little further to the right, the marshal and his staff; quite to the right, the second column waiting to be ordered on; and the last gun launching its thunder against Constantina. The exquisite manner in which the severity of design consonant with military operations is modified by the poetic imagination of the artist, gives great value to this immense composition, which occupies a canvass 30 feet by 20. Some of the figures in this picture are fine studies as ever proceeded from the vigorous hand of this master; and whenever the work comes to be engraved, it will be highly valued by the public. Nearly all the faces are portraits—and good ones too. The third picture is the second column, with the brave but unfortunate Colonel Combe at the head, just mounting the breach, while the remains of the first column are forcing their way into the narrow streets of the town. Here full scope is given to the artist for a glorious display of his powers in drawing the human figure in every possible variety of attitude; and a more successfully executed task we have never seen performed. The whole composition is full of motion and spirit; not merely the enthusiasm of the soldiers, but even their awkwardness, as they clamber up the ruinous ascent, is most admirably represented. The whole story is told so well and so truly, that the spectator feels animated with something like a longing to have been in this dread mêlée while contemplating the inanimate canvas. Once more, we repeat, the monotony of the colouring is a great drawback upon these pictures; and, to tell the truth, they have been painted far too hastily, their united surfaces, covering about 1200 square feet, having been entirely painted within eight months: they would stand another year's work in the atelier; but if regarded for the difficulties of the subject, and the masterly design and handling shewn in them, they cannot but be highly appreciated by all who are practically acquainted with art. Horace Vernet's handling is of the most vigorous and broadest kind in his large *toiles*; and of the most exquisite Flemish delicacy and finish in his cabinet compositions. Of these latter he has three in the *salon*, all of which have been engraved. One, a small episode of the storming of Constantina; another, Abraham driving out Hagar; and a third, a Lion Hunt: all of them gems of very high price.

The warlike propensities of French limners

* On Thursday, we were happy to see, the Queen herself gave Mr. Parris a sitting in order to finish her like-ness. Her Majesty and the court expressed great admiration of the picture.—*Ed. L. G.*

have been well-nigh exhausted by the orders for Versailles, executed within the last few years; and we find only one or two other large battles (one of them by Alaux, a very rising artist) in this year's *salon* — battles, that is to say, which are worthy of being looked at.

In a totally different style, but one which is equally entitled to the appellation of the heroic, is Ary Scheffer, the most imaginative and the most poetic of any painter that France has yet produced. Five exquisite works of this great master — for such he will undoubtedly be considered in future times — are placed all in contact with each other in the Long Gallery of the Louvre. In one, the largest of the set, he has chosen for his subject the well-known story of Faust and Margaret, just at the moment when the young student first beholds the fair and simple girl coming out of church. She herself is dressed with beautiful plainness, and bears that exquisite female face which Raphael alone knew how to render. Behind her are seen, emerging from the church porch, a group of staid and dignified German burghers, clad with the stiff costume of the times, while Faust and Mephistophiles occupy a prominent place in the right hand corner of the piece. The colouring is full of harmony and solidity, highly scientific, though a little too much indebted for effect to its glazings; and the design is all that is most masterly. It will be engraved to a certainty, and would be cheap at 500^l. On either side are two pictures, each representing Mignon in the beautiful ballad of Goëthe: one, Mignon regretting her country, a melancholy child on a wide desolate heath, and a flight of birds winging their way to her beloved fatherland: the other, Mignon thinking of Heaven, a radiant and exalted being lost in meditation, "her rapt thoughts mingling with the skies," clad all in white, and on the projecting edge of a lofty edifice. The Duke of Orleans possesses both these pictures; and all the Germans in Paris are dying with envy at the thoughts of it. A fourth picture is the King of Thule, from Goëthe, "mingling his tears with his drink;" a most elaborate study of a venerable gray-bearded man, sitting at a table, his attendant standing behind, and drinking from a gold goblet. This picture is as highly finished as any that Morales ever executed, while at the same time it possesses more vigour of touch than that master usually possessed. The colouring is very rich and sufficiently transparent; the chiaro oscuro is strong; the tints broad; and the effect would be quite perfect, were it not that some evil genius had persuaded this great artist to encase it in a coat of varnish as thick as a decent plate of glass, which greatly deteriorates both its value and its tone. This latter fault M. Scheffer has fortunately avoided in his fifth production, Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane, supported by an Angel. You see nothing more than two three-quarter figures, but such figures, — so exquisitely beautiful in all their details; the one so overwhelmed with the sorrows of a whole world, of the universe; the other with the patience of adoration, and the full expression of sympathetic grief checked by awe, — that you may linger and study this fine picture for hours. Christ is clad in brown, the angel in white; and the harmonious effect produced by these colours, relieved by the carnations, and the golden radiance that plays around the heads, are both original and worthy of imitation. The picture is rather thinly painted, but in handling is, we think, better than any of the others: it is liable, perhaps, to the charge of too much and

too indiscriminate glazing; and the whole practice of the master may be fully learnt from it. Had Scheffer never painted any thing else, these fine pictures would have by themselves carried him to the head of his profession. He is a young man still, and is not yet at the end of his career of improvement. Like Horace Vernet, he stands alone in France, and has no rival in England.

We have no contributions this year from Paul Delaroche, the other great chief of the historical school, and a very giant with his brush and palette. Steuben, who prides himself on his brilliant colouring, and who delights in gold and crimson, to say nothing of "purple and fine linen," has sent a beautiful Esmeralda, the representation of the ideal heroine of Victor Hugo's dramatic novel "*Notre Dame*." The fair Bohemian, almost without drapery, is sitting on the rude couch which poor Quasimodo has made for her in a recess of the *combles* of the venerable cathedral, and is there playing with her goat whiter than herself. The Hunchback is seen in one corner, unperceived by Esmeralda, on his knees, and lost in silent admiration. The light and shade and colouring of this picture (magnificently framed, by the way, à l'*ogive*) are as forcible and rich, without being too meretriciously gaudy, as Steuben has been able to make them; but he cannot manage the working of his flesh tints like Scheffer, — he wants the science of that master-hand; his touch on the carnations is woolly, which he mistakes for softness; and he paints far too thinly, without at the same time effecting, what is the only excuse for thin handling, transparency. We may mention at once that Dubufe, who goes down at Paris as the prince of portrait painters, — with the vulgar, that is to say, — but who is in reality a very indifferent hand at the thing, is a close imitator of Steuben in his manner of handling the flesh tints: he, however, is not merely woolly, but cottony in his work. He has not contributed any thing this year, but has announced, rather ostentatiously, in the papers, that his atelier will remain open to the public during the exhibition, — a gratuitous piece of French coxcombry.

Several others of the best painters of the modern French historical school have treated the public shabbily this year; Gallait, Brune, Delacroix, Tigoux, have either sent nothing or have sent only minor works, sketches, &c. Tony Johannot, a man of immense talent, has given a little sketch from Walter Scott's "*Monastery*," the Death of Avenel — a gem by the way, and a Battle of Rosebeque, A.D. 1382, in a style with which we have become well-nigh surfeited of at Versailles. All these ideal battles signify absolutely nothing; a reproach that attaches itself to, at least, half of Louis Philippe's new picture-shop.

In a style half-way between the historic and the cabinet, we have Jacquand, one of the most exquisite painters, *selon nous*, that can be met with. His figures are generally from a fifth to a sixth of the natural size, and upon a picture some five or six feet by three or four, he puts all the labour of a Wilkie, and all the conscientious detail of a Roberts. His subjects are always ideal, always melancholy; but he tells the stories which he chooses so tenderly, so naturally, and so plainly, that every body is captivated by him, and he is transferred from the exhibition-room to the print-shop sooner almost than any body else. This year he has given Louis XI. finding his queen teaching the dauphin to read; — a rich Gothic chamber well filled with stately furniture, hung in parts with

costly tapestry; — the suspicious king coming briskly through a doorway, the queen half in tears and full of beauty, and her boy frightened and irresolute at her side, — such are the details. It is very sober and very scientific, both in colouring and composition, with plenty of light and shade; forcible in the handling, though finished like a miniature; with rather too much varnish, and little or no attempt at transparency: but, on the whole, a good picture, that is worthy of a place in any modern gallery.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE SLUMBER OF DEATH.

PEACEFUL and fair is the smiling repose
That the breast-craved slumber of infancy
knows;

Sound is the rest of the weary and worn,
Whose feet have been gall'd with the dust and
the thorn.

Sweet is the sleep on the eyelids of youth
When they dream of the world as all pleasure
and truth;

Yet child, pilgrim, and youth shall awaken again
To the journeys of toil and the trials of pain.

But, oh! there's a fast and a visionless sleep,
The calm and the stirless, the long and the
deep;

'Tis the sleep that is soundest and sweetest of
all,

[the pall.]

When our couch is the bier and our night-robe
No voice of the foe or the friend shall impart
The proud flush to the cheek or warm throbs to
the heart;

The lips of the dearest may seek for the breath,
But their kiss cannot rouse the cold stillness of
death.

'Tis a long, 'tis a last, 'tis a beautiful rest,
When all sorrow has passed from the brow and
the breast;

And the lone spirit truly and wisely may crave
The sleep that is dreamless — the sleep of the
grave.

ELIZA COOK.

ADDRESS

On opening the Lyceum, written by Mr. Beasley, and spoken with great naïveté and effect by Mrs. Stirling.

"The first of April! Well, how very queer!

Of all the days throughout the running year,

Our new leasee upon that one should fix.

Who would have thought it? the bells to-night,

And one might think it by the bats to-night,

Which says, 'All in the Dark' shall see the light.

But this I promise—if you come to view,

He never will make 'April fools' of you.

Yet, from great fears he cannot be exempt,
When he considers this—his bold attempt,

With country hands to work a town-built ship

Through all the dangers of a season's trip.

But still reflect—though strange form our band,

They still are natives of creative land,

And by the pick up their health intent,

To gain new strength are to the country sent,—

To whom should not those whom provinces renowned,

Infuse fresh vigour in a sickly town?

Besides he got, to meet theatric strife,

A London pilot, aided by his wife:

It might be better too, for all your houses,

If wives could still be manag'd by their spouses.

Perhaps, good folk, you'll deem it strange that one,

Who late proclaimed her Dead! a day were done,

Her life again should count and praise

Which found'd her bound delight of other days.

Let woman's folly, madness, or caprice,

Rise to your minds, and bid your wonder cease;

And never for one moment deem it strange

That woman claims her privilege to change.

For my return — if you should ask the cause —

Oh! 'twas my yearning for your kind applause;

For still I own, with gratitude and pleasure,

Your handy-work produced my greatest treasure!

So much for self — and now for our lessie.

On you he trusts, 'To be, or not to be?'

That is the question, a Village Hamlet asks,

To answer it well must be your generous tasks.

To-night no foreign singers strain their throats,

And change for English gold their foreign notes :

To blushing belles, and to applauding beaux,
No foreign dancers here their legs expose,
While the gay dandy all enchanted sits
To see them twirl like turnstiles thrown in fits,
And they with pas and pirouettes can make
At least a guinea every step they take.
No pond'rous giants lengthen out our play;
No dwarfish fly on ceiling wends his way.
No prodigies our nightly bills declare;
No classic Crown—nor e'en a Bayadère;
No monkeys chatter, and do all they can
To shew how very like they are to man.
Yet without brutes in our dramatic corps,
We hope to enthrone the audience with a roar;—
Not a sound of mirth while the dismal din
Bursts round of laughter coming from your hearts.
All that is promised—all that you will see,
Will nothing else than downright English be.
We trust you'll find our English flag unfurling,
With prices current and with actors Sterling."

THE DRAMA.

EASTER THEATRICAL REPORT.

EVERY thing now o' days being done by Commissions and Reports, I have to return my eternal obligations to the Editor of the *Literary Gazette* for having afforded me this large opportunity of shewing that, however indifferently trusts of the same confidential kind may have been discharged by others, he, at least, has confided a most important task to one worthy of the office. I have written no d-d play, farce, or other non-entertainment: I have never failed in dramatic aspirations; I have not been hissed, nor (worse!) have I appeared on any stage without being noticed even by some slight sign of palpable disapprobation, from which I could infer that I had private enemies somewhere; therefore I flatter myself that I have been worthily chosen to criticise the Easter theatrical pieces in a periodical so famous as this!!!! Given under my Paw,

JACKO.

Saint Jimeses Theatre.—Taking matters in the order of superior merit and intelligence, I must begin, sir, the first great literary and dramatic undertaking ever committed to me, by offering my remarks upon this theatre. The acting seems to me to be almost perfect—it is so truly unnatural. I will not, in the first instance, as most Critics do, speak of my own particular friends and favourites; but I will say to every lover of the drama, "Go to the Dogs!" What a lesson for man, who is so used to exclaim when under difficulties, "I have not a leg to stand on!" Biped, look at the moral lesson, the grand business of the stage, which is taught by these quadrupeds. They shew you how needless legs are. They glorify their functions as well upon three,—two hind—two fore—two hind and fore intermediate—two hind and fore both on the same right or left side—or, it may be, upon the tips of their tails or the tips of their tongues (though not done the night I was there), as if limbs were supernumeraries—and, Heaven knows, if they were, they would have small mighty salaries. But my friends here are certainly very great. Monsieur Jacob is a very highlow comedian. The Grand Mandrille, a splendid combination of T. P. Cooke and O. Smith. Observe that supper party, how perfect Lord Gogo is. So are Mlle. Batavia and M. Pierrot. They never rise from their seats to produce a stage effect, but sit as placidly as if they were tied to them; and go through all that vis comis which human performers fancy must be accompanied by exuberant locomotion. If walking about were humour, the latter would be right; but fine criticism must adjudge that the sedentary byplay of little Nanine and Jacotot, &c. is bottomed upon a far more binding principle than the flashy movements of your world-be Mercurial Momuses. In actual life, nobody walks and hurries about whilst talking: why

do it on the stage? In my opinion, nothing can be more exquisite than Jacob's picking up the biscuits which seem to fall accidentally from the table; and his hilarious jests throughout with M. Herrn Heinrich Schreyer, though the latter has a bitter-looking cane in his hand, ad applicandum, are assuredly of the first order of acquired talent. In the Swiss spinning scene, I confess the failure was like the reality of the hand-loom weavers; but the storming of the fort is truly Dog-matic. No one can have an idea of the perfection of this *coup de théâtre*, unless they could see the animals bounded on from the wings—nobody in front can have the slightest idea of the glory of this performance.

P.S.—The Goats announced, I understand, have given themselves great airs, and refuse to appear unless the *Mountain Sylph* and *Jenny Jones* are produced for their débüt. Monsignor Taffy (the primo buffo) was offered a revival of Ram-shoodra, but he refused, wittily declaring that he abhorred Shy-knees parts. After all, these performances are perfect, except for the constant presence of M. Schreyer, a human interloper, who dictates much too much. He looks as dictatorial, as if not a monkey could do any thing without his officious swagging. A fat fellow, with a smart rattan in his hand, twirling about, is incongruous in a scene with lively and spirituelle actors. He really spoils all, and destroys the illusion. It may, I allow, be wrong to mix so many kinds of monkeys and dogs together; but what can you do? Baboons and poodles, apes and turnspits, ourangs and terriers, are not a more heterogeneous company than - & - & - & - & - & - !

Dorothy Lane.—Being a "theatre royal," I would put as early on my list as possible, on that account alone, but I must do so upon its own merits. *The Gipsy's Warning* was the first piece (Easter Monday), and it was followed by a novel melodrama, called the *King of the Mist*, who, like some other sovereigns, when he is gone will not be mis'd. It grieves me to see such scenery for such trumpery. Wieland, however, is the support of this theatre, and in *The Little Hunchback* displays abilities which in my opinion place him unmeasurably at the head of the profession in this country. There is no human performer at any house I have seen, at all equal to him. For variety of action, expression, and animal spirits, he has no competitor; and he is, in short, the only truly great actor upon the London boards.

Ashley's Amphy-the-ater.—*The Black Prince* is a splendid drama. The sacking of Poictiers is nearly equal to the taking of fort Kokonrium at the St. Jimeses. The lord mayor's coach in the procession is superb. Altogether, the houyhynms are cleverly disciplined, and were it not for the intermixture of too many yahoos, there would not be a fault to find. Van Amburgh and the other beasts are also seen to great advantage here. The new lions are about as accomplished as the old; and except that they seemed out of spirits (in consequence, it was said, of the dissection of two of their friends in the morning by Dr. Todd), their roaring was most respectable.

The Victory.—*The Black King* is a black-guard—I beg Mr. Savile's pardon, and mean no reflection on his representative. I am, however, but a poor judge of "legendary spectacles," and cannot tell a ghost from a goose, or a demon from a donkey, in so far as their performances are concerned. "Messrs. Prospero Martin, N. Rouland, and Co.'s Monkeys, Goats, and Dogs" troop, is not, as they assert, unrivalled. Mlle. Jetty, John Bull, Monsieur

Sapez, Mlle. Finnett, Monsieur Henrico, Mlle. Armur, Monsieur Jaco (no relation of mine), Peyro, Polly, Jacopo (my sister's son by her first husband, and consequently cousin-in-law to Jacotot, and half-brother to my namesake, Jacko, who died last week in the *Jardin des Plantes*), Piepetto, and the Goat Hans, are all clever in their way, and certainly deserve the warmest patronage of every admirer of the national drama. With regard to the phrase "legitimate," I have been considerably puzzled since my arrival, in my study of the English language. In the Poor-law Act I find that legitimate does not, but illegitimate does, mean natural productions; whereas, on the stage the sense is reversed, the legitimate meaning the natural, and the illegitimate the opposite. Let grammarians settle this knotty point: all I shall add respecting the "grand pantomimical sketch," in which these eminent performers appear, is, that it is peculiarly natural, as the saw-dust obliged to be thrown upon the stage abundantly proves.

The Surrey.—*The Curse of Mammon* is, I am told, a show-up of one Hog or Hogarth's pictures; but it does not please me at all. Of the performances of the celebrated Parisian monkeys (come hither with Mr. and Mrs. Yates, Mrs. Keeley, and the rest of the Adelphi company), you have already spoken, on their appearance at the latter theatre, and it would not become me, who am no puffer, to offer any opinion after so competent a critic. I shall only say, therefore, that if your praise had been ten times more laudatory, I think it would have been well deserved. Mrs. Keeley, I can state of my own knowledge, prefers Mons. Jacko to Mons. Biffin, though he is the son of the celebrated Miss Biffin, who cut out more work with her toes than has hitherto been known to the world at large. As for this giant, I consider him a very awkward fellow, and his imitation of the Secretary for the Colonies an act of immense folly and presumption. Inferior critics may look up to him, but I have met ourang-outangs in the woods who could have beat him to a mummy, and left him for jackalls to eat; and I am not one to be overawed by his big pretence. In short, he is a great failure, and his castle a humbug.

Adelphi Promenade Concerts, à la Mustard, are very noisy and silly things. I was so stunned with the din they made, that when I left the theatre I could not hear myself speak!

The Lyceum opened with a *Rus in Urbe* company, Mrs. Stirling being almost the only London star (*Venus*), and all the rest from the provinces—Bath, Newcastle, Liverpool, &c.—under the management of Mr. Penley. This Mrs. Stirling (the star of the evening) is a shocking bad actress. It is true she looks beautiful, and her voice and laugh are musical and genuine; but then she speaks, and walks, and looks just as well-bred people do in their own houses, which, you will agree with me, is very dissimilar from the usual practices on the stage. The burletta of *Lady Mary Worley Montagu* (written by a fair poetess, of popular name, Miss Costello) did not please me at all. The plot, as far as I could make it out, refers to an English lady, who was a great traveller in former days. She went to Rome, and had an intrigue with the Pope, which gave great scandal to the whole of his harem. On her return to this country she brought off some Vatican virus,* with which she inoculated the

* Our friend Jacko appears to have but an imperfect acquaintance with English literature and history. It was to Constantinople, not to Rome, that Lady Mary went; and it was Pope the poet, not the Holy Father, the head

English people, and caused, it is supposed, the contagious spread of popery throughout the kingdom. None of these matters, however, are touched upon by Miss Costello, who has confined herself to the love affairs of the heroine previous to her marriage. I am not acquainted with the manners of the times of which it gives so characteristic and entertaining a picture, and I think *Mr. Wortley* a stick. *Lord John Hervey*, by Mr. Shaw (from Bath), was foppish and amusing enough, for persons who like such things; and as much may be said for Mr. Addison (from Newcastle), who played the antiquated part of the *Marquess of Cleveland*. *Armand*, by Mr. H. Bedford, was too bulky, and old, and burly for a favourite French lover, though he sings, like his brother Paul, and has a sweet voice. *Bella*, Mrs. B. Penley, sang prettily, but did not look pretty; and *Mrs. Prudhoe*, enacted by Mrs. Darley (from Bath), indicated a good cast for old maids, and such other useless characters. The piece was well received. *Dark Events*, which followed, is too improbable even for farce; but, with great compression, some of the scenes would be laughable enough. Altogether these country people, including one Corrie, who plays clownish, when they have got more accustomed to each other, and familiar with the stage and the audiences, will do well enough for Cockney play-goers. The scenery and other appurtenances reflect credit on the manager's liberality and taste. There was some "Grand Romantic Romance" after I left; for I dislike all kinds of romancing, and was engaged elsewhere.

The *Strand* also opened this evening, but I did not go till Tuesday. All the pieces were new; only Mrs. Waylett made her first appearance after an absence of four years. *A Lesson for Gentlemen* is lively; and the *King's Gardener* would not be much, except for the acting of Hammond. I speak humanly in these remarks, and not monkeyshily. In *The Four Sisters*, I was told by a neighbour, who kept humming to himself nearly the whole evening, that Mrs. Waylett had lost much of her voice; all I could reply to which was, that I had not found it. The last thing was *Popularity*, in which Mrs. Selby, who can't sing, was made to sing—Miss Daly was pretty and clever—Mr. Hammond a capital *Monus*, and Mr. Attwood as capital a *Puff*. *Winter* was nothing; no more was the *Ghost of Shakspeare*. But the *Ghost of old Richardson the Showman*, by Mr. A. Richardson, was dressed to perfection, and made me grin very much. Bayadères, Jim Crows, &c. were good; and a *débutant*, Mr. J. Binge, in *Guillaume Tell*, from Paris and *Doory Lane*, sang nicely, and seemed a clever person. *Mons. le Singe* (I now speak monkeyly), by Mr. Burton, was execrable. He had evidently formed himself on Mons. Jacob; and, of all villainies upon the stage, I hate imitations which are so like the originals. A number of funny parodies by Moncrieff made the folks about me laugh; but I got tired, and hope, if ever I go again, that the manager will curtail this too long and consequently tedious jeu d'esprit.

A Market.—Of this theatre I have not a favourable word to say. I never was so utterly disappointed. There is a *White Horse of the Peppers*, without a horse of any colour; and only a hoarse laugh all round the house. There

of the Church, with whom she flirted. It was also the Variolus not the *Vaccine* virus (erroneously stated to be the *Vaticum*) which she brought to England; which, of course, could have nothing to do with the "spread of popery."—Ed. L. G.

is an *Irish Lion*, without a lion of any sort, and instead of the unequalled Van Amburgh, only a stupid chap of the name of Power. About this Power a great fuss seems to be made, and his name is printed on the bills posted about town in letters as long as I am. This is all nonsense: he cannot play Irish characters at all. I have never been in Ireland, to be sure, and would not know a Tipperary brough from a Wicklow one; but I read the "*Times*" and "*Standard*" every day, and can form a right idea of the true Irish character. Dark, scowling, midnight, moody, assassins—hang-dog, perjured ruffians—brooding over evil—conspiring in mystery and silence—never enjoying the mirthful laugh—starving, weeping, wailing, murmuring;—such are the Irish: and what does this infamously bad actor, Power, make them? Laughing, joking, merry, devil-may-care, dancing, kissing, romping, frolicking, and rollicking fellows; who seem to live but for the present moment, put off want till to-morrow, and misery for ever; and, in brief, Paddy-Whack it in the most provoking and insufferable style. Never was there a greater mistake in dramatic performance. Among the company are others not much better than he—such as Webster, Buckstone, O. Smith, Strickland, Wrench, Mrs. Glover and Fitzwilliam, Miss Taylor, &c. &c., none of whom gave me the slightest pleasure. By the by, there is a curious improvement in the orchestra, which rises between the acts, and gives the music with more pleasing effect.

The Olympic, also very bad. One Farren performed an old gentleman, called *Isaac Walton*, who is fond of fishing and walking about the fields. A younger *Piscator* from the Temple (Vining) goes about with another long fishing-rod; and Mrs. Vestris, in the disguise of a *Milkmaid*, sings two arch songs. Mr. C. Dance is the author of this piece, but the scenery seemed to me to be too like the country which I drove through last Sunday on a visit to Tottenham and Hornsey. Another novelty, by one Planché, is called *The Garrick Fever* (after, as I understand, a club of that name); into which I am proposed to be admitted as a foreign honorary member during my residence in London); it is vilely supported by a little actor called Keeley, whom I detest for more reasons than one, and some of them personal and private to myself. [See my observations on the *Surrey*, for I am candid—quality you cannot comprehend in a dramatic critic.] The audience laughed a good deal: I noticed nothing to laugh at.

Uproar House.—On Thursday, Persiani walked in her sleep, and was much applauded. The rest were quite asleep, and could not hear how much they were hissed for being unable to sing. It is supposed that there may be a few good subscription nights before the end of the season; and the English subscribers are easily satisfied. When I lived in Paris, we, of the musical and fashionable world, would not stand one night of nothingness, far less half a season. But, la! with all your John Bull pretences, you don't really care for music; and two months of it absolutely good would bore you to death.

Common Garden.—I have already mentioned several of the worst actors I ever witnessed; but of all the bad, keep me from Macready, who is the worst of the worst. In *Richelieu* he put me in mind of my friend the Abbé De l'Epée, with whom I was intimate both before and after he was made Archbishop of Paris; only he gave way occasionally to unseemly fits of senile passion and out-of-place jests, quite unbecoming his high station in the church. An aged man

with a young soul!—was there ever such a monstrous conjunction? and yet this was what he made of the part; and, consequently, the more perfectly he succeeded, the more he filled my judicious mind with contempt for his utter misconception. If he be one of your brag performers, Heaven send me back again to Rio Janeiro without seeing another. *Lodoiska*, a revival, requires no comment. Persons who are fond of sweet music, fine scenery, and complete dressing of the stage, may like it if they please; but, to my taste, the only particle of it deserving of approbation is embodied in the shape of a Mr. Harley, whose appearance, looks, and activity, delighted me. As for Macready, I would advise him to study for a month or two under Mr. Hern H. Schreyer. If his instructions and cane (applied as to the Grand Mandrille, Jacob, and the rest) do not make an actor of him, nothing can. The close of *Lodoiska* is a poor mimicry of the grand tableau of the taking of Kokomurium by Carlo, Danois, Caesar, Domino, and their troops, at the St. Jimeses.

I have now, Sir, given you, as far as my own observation allows, a fair and impartial account of these holyday amusements. There are other places of resort, I am told, but I have not been able to visit them. *Sadler's Wells* is reported to be going on famously; and somewhere about the east parts of the town, where the Jews, and butchers, and weavers live, there are several splendid theatres: but as there are no animals among them, it is not worth while to go so far.

As acting is entirely an imitative art, and as Monkeys are confessedly the best mimics in creation, it need not be insisted upon that they must not only be the best models for actors in the world, but the best judges and the best critics. I accordingly flatter myself that the recent introduction of so many Simini Rosci will produce an important effect in improving your Dramatic School; and, further, teach your newspaper critics the true style and method of criticism. I have the honour to be, Sir, with profound respect, your obedient and faithful,

JACKO.

Opera Concert Room.—On Monday, the first of the Societas Armonica Concerts was held, and, notwithstanding the many attractions elsewhere, the room was well filled. The best series of concerts last season were those of the Societas Armonica—the selection of music was choice, and the greatest instrumental and vocal performers, English and foreign, in turn appeared. The concert on Monday gave good promise. The lady vocalists were all English: Miss F. Wyndham, who was twice encored, Miss Woodyatt, and Mrs. A. Toumin, all sweet singers. Signors Giubelei, F. Lablache, Brizzi, and A. Giubelei, also contributed their share to the evening's amusement. Mr. J. B. Chatterton played a fantasia on the harp in a masterly style, though, perhaps, dwelling rather too slightly on the promised air from "*Norma*" and "*Sonnambula*". Mori gave a new air, with variations (Mayseder), on the violin, in his best manner. Owing possibly to the absence of many long instrumental pieces, the audience seemed as unwearyed at the finale as at the commencement of the concert.

VARIETIES.

Harbours of Refuge.—We have seen in several journals a discussion of this subject, and suggestions and plans for the construction of safety harbours, by Mr. W. Tait, Civil Engineer, which, in a maritime and commercial country like ours, seem eminently deserving of

consideration. Mr. Tait contests the prevalent doctrine of the utility and necessity of back-water; or, at any rate, that it ought to preserve as small an angle as possible with the tidal current. With regard to the deposit of shingle (nearly all along our coast), he proposes an isolated harbour to receive it, and in no case to oppose its progress. The scouring system he points out to be quite inefficient, as is shewn at Dover; and maintains that, on his own principles, several places not far from that port might be converted into excellent harbours. As we are not judges of this matter, we must be content to make it public; and need not add, how desirable it is to adopt any project by which so vast a value of life and property, as is annually wrecked on the coasts of England, might be saved.

Ireland.—Mrs. S. C. Hall, whose previous Stories, whether addressed to the improvement of Irish social life, especially among the middle and lower orders, or to education and the instruction of youth generally, we have often had occasion to notice in terms of warm approbation, has, we observe, commenced a new series, addressed to the former purpose, in a manner which does equal honour to her talents and her patriotic feelings. The labours of Miss Hamilton in Scotland, and Miss Edgeworth in Ireland, cannot be forgotten; and Mrs. Hall, with a yet more direct and express design, has set herself to follow their excellent example, by producing a number of Tales, the object of which shall be to point out the imperfections in the Irish character, and errors in the business of life, which are as fatal to prosperity and happiness, as even grave vices and crimes. As a vehicle, she has chosen "Chambers' Edinburgh Journal," one of our most widely circulated, cheapest, and best periodicals; and if, by this means, she secures access to the hovels and cabins of Ireland, the benefit to the community may be very great. The two stories already published point out the evils of too early marriages, and the very general Irish habit of postponing matters, nor taking Time by the forelock. They are characteristic and pertinent.

Photogeny.—The "Leipsic Gazette" mentions experiments by Messrs. Steinheil and Kobel, at Munich, on the new art. They seem to be trying the several manners we have described in the *Literary Gazette*, and to prefer the English.

No. I. of the Magazine of Science begins judiciously with a description of the camera obscura, now rendered unusually interesting from its connexion with the new art—photogenic art. The other papers, though brief, are appropriate and useful.

Miss Galbraith's Morning Concerts at the Egyptian Hall, with a lady-band of guitarists, are quite novel in effect. The weather, however, has been sadly hostile to all public resorts during the week.

The Ceylon Herald.—In September, we observe, a new journal under this title has succeeded the "Ceylon Chronicle," out of which we have frequently enriched our pages with curiously literary and scientific matters. From what we see of the early Nos. of "The Herald," it bids fair to excel its predecessor; and we shall confidently look to it for many additions to our *selecta* of Oriental research, discovery, and learning. We rejoice to find the eastern world acquiring more and more the regards of the British public, from the mind of which distance seemed almost to have banished this most important quarter of the earth, whether viewed as belonging to ancient times or to colonial possession. Two centuries and a half

ago, the "Indies" were more the objects of European speculation and enterprise than they have been in our day; till the present aspect of affairs and the labours of the Asiatic Society appear once again to raise them to their just and inappreciable value.

Gothic Architecture.—We are glad to see that a Society for promoting the study of Gothic Architecture (by far the most picturesque and fitting for our country and climate) has been formed at Oxford. At the first meeting:

"It was determined to hire a room, to be fitted up with casts and models, arranged chronologically, which will form an architectural museum for the use of students, and which the more advanced student may find it convenient to refer to occasionally, as well as the mere tyro. It was also determined to form an architectural library, to be used as a lending library among the members, on the same plan as a book club."

And a number of books were bought as a foundation. At the second meeting in the room (hired, as before agreed on, near Lincoln College),

"The Rev. the Master of University College, one of the vice-presidents, in the chair.—As this was the first general meeting since the society has been established, the chairman opened the proceedings by an appropriate speech on the general objects proposed, and the usefulness of such a society, especially in this place, where so many young men are preparing for holy orders, who ought to consider some knowledge of Gothic Architecture as an essential part of their education. A paper on the 'Domestic Architecture of the Middle Ages' was then read by the Rev. Edward Bigge, of Merton College, from notes furnished by William Topney, Esq., abounding with valuable information, and furnishing many useful hints to those who wish to pursue this interesting branch of inquiry. A number of drawings, illustrating the subject, were handed round, and the table was covered with books."

The Publishing and Bookselling Trade.—It is stated, in a letter from Leipsic, that the principal booksellers in that town, Berlin, Frankfort, and other great marts in Prussia, Hanover, &c., &c., had proposed to invite a convocation of their order from every country in Europe (why not America also, where the work of cheap reprinting is carried on upon so extensive a scale?), to discuss the best means of putting a stop to the injurious and dishonest practice of piracy, which so generally prevails, and devise a system of mutual intercourse for the benefit of "the Trade," and we trust, of the producers and authors also.

Dr. Löwe.—Trieste, February 20, 1839, Dr. Löwe from Prussia, the well-known orientalist and librarian to His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, is at present at Smyrna. After passing several years in Syria and Egypt, he lately went to Constantinople, where he wrote a grammar and a dictionary of the Circassian dialect, to which little attention has hitherto been paid, and added to the knowledge of twenty-four languages, most of which he speaks and writes with facility, that of Turkish. Dr. Löwe encountered remarkable adventures during the last insurrection of the Druses. At Japhet, he was most cruelly treated by those mountaineers. They plundered his house, robbed him of every penny he possessed, and, what must have most cruelly afflicted him, barbarously tore to pieces fifteen MSS., and the drawings which he had made in Egypt, Nubia, and Syria. While in Nubia he composed a grammar of the Nubian language. He intends now to go by way of Athens to Naples, to see the Egyptian museum in that city, and then to Rome, to continue his learned researches in the Vatican.

St. Petersburg, 23d February.

Geology: Erratic Block.—In a late sitting of our Academy, Mr. Bair read a paper, from which I extract the most interesting particulars respecting an occurrence highly interesting to the naturalist and the geologist:—

"In the year before last I communicated to

the Academy an account of two large blocks which, in the course of this century, had changed their position on the coast of Finnland. During a short journey which I made in Finnland last summer, I convinced myself, by ocular inspection, that such translocations are by no means uncommon there. A block of granite, of enormous size, has been brought by the ice across the sea to the island of Hochland, and lies now between two villages on the east coast of that island. Its length may be about twelve feet, and its height above six feet. I was not able to measure it more accurately, having no instruments with me when I drove by, but I believe I do not exaggerate in estimating this block at nearly one-third of the size of the piece of rock on which the statue of Peter the Great stands. According to this estimate, that block may weigh nearly a million pounds. The inhabitants of Hochland unanimously affirm that it is a new stone, which was never observed on the island till the spring of 1838, and that it was certainly brought over from Finnland by the ice. If it had been only moved from one part of the coast of Hochland to another, the inhabitants would, undoubtedly, know it, as they surely distinguish all the larger blocks lying on the coast of their little island. I do not know whether any of them saw the ice which brought the block. Probably not; for there are no inhabitants on the bay in which it stranded. It is well known that large blocks of rock are sometimes seen on the fields of ice in the polar regions; and translocation is not incredible or improbable even in our latitudes, when we remember the severity of the winter of 1837-1838. The gulf of Finnland was frozen over in its whole breadth for two months together. In such a time, the ice becomes very thick, and if the field of ice which encompassed a large block returns a considerable extent before it is stranded, it may carry the largest block to the greatest distance that it can go without melting."

*** The ancient inhabitants were not surprised at the arrival of this block, but at its size. They affirm that small blocks come and go every year. This assertion appears at once to be well founded to those who have visited Finnland, where the traveller everywhere sees evident traces of antediluvian movements—where he sees on its coast and on the islands, all the greater and smaller promontories covered with very diversified boulders, which very often are not in motion. The entire attention of the traveller is here fixed on the innumerable and prodigious boulders, and their occasionally strange positions. At all events, the removal of so large a block as that here spoken of, across a gulf in our latitudes, deserves to be recorded. The notion which formerly had its advocates, that projectile forces may dislodge the blocks of granite, is by no means supported by the manner in which they lie in Finnland.

Edinburgh University Magazine, No. I.—A new Monthly started in the Modern Athens, the poetry in which we think rather oddly constructed; but some of the papers are of a fair quality, and the general aspect literary and pleasing.

The Literary World, No. I.—We like the appearance and spirit of our new 8vo. contemporary vastly. The monument to Sir W. Scott, at Edinburgh, is a very interesting engraving; and the literary contents are various, pleasant, and intelligent.

W. Ainsworth, Esq.—The latest accounts from Mr. Ainsworth, now engaged in so interesting a course of travel, are dated Angora, 20th December. Our valued friend was then in

excellent health and spirits, and every thing had gone on prosperously and harmoniously with him and his companions in their arduous undertaking.

H. B. Caricatures.—H. B. this week runs upon all-fours. Nos. 581 to 584. The first is H. B. discovered; but this H. B. is Henry Brougham, who is in his studio, painting a bad likeness of Lord Ebrington, and boasting to his colour-grinder, Lord Lyndhurst, who calls it too flattering, that he does not think him so bad a subject. A finished sketch of O'Connell, with a long serpent-tail, is lying in the cor. &c. The next is full of figures, and entitled "A Leaf out of 'Nicholas Nickleby,'" with slight variations." The part of Old Crummles is admirably acted by O'Connell, who is hugging Lord Normanby; whilst Lord Morpeth is suffering an equal embrace from Morgan O'Connell. Lord Ebrington is deeply affected at the sight, and the mob are shouting around. 583 is "Dentatus." Lord Normanby in noble conflict with a host of assailants, including Lords Roden, Charleville, Wellington, &c. Brougham on an eminence behind hurling a rock upon his devoted head; Lord Glenelg, with broken sword, disabled on the ground. The last is Carlo-w setting Bruen at the top of the "pole"—a laughable graphic pun on the recent election. Hume and O'Connell are hounding on the dog of the latter, Gisborne, against Bruen (represented as Bruin at the top of a pole). The whole are very clever—some of the likenesses rather careless, and well maintain the spirit of this political history.

Old Proverb disproved.—“There is nothing new under the sun;” quite a mistake—the Sun having turned artist, and produced landscapes, figures, and other specimens of photogeny. Why, even this last word is new; and we should like to see any photogenist, or heliographist, or Daguerreotypist deny it in the face of day!

Curiosities of Literature, No. I.—To captains of vessels and others. To be sold, a *real tortoiseshell tom-cat*, one year old. It is the greatest curiosity ever known. To be seen, &c. For further particulars, apply by letter (post-paid) to Mr. Hooper, &c. &c. —*Times*, March 27, 1839. Query—Whether a *real cat* or *real tortoiseshell*?

No. II.—It is now the fashion, in the catalogues of second-hand books, to tempt purchasers by brief notices of such works as are more particularly curious. In one just published we read the following strange announcements:—No. 110: “Burr's History of Tunbridge Wells,” 8vo. 1776, 3s. “A work often quoted Grammont, in his *Memoirs*, quotes it (a publication of 1776 ! !) as authority for the visits of Charles II.”

Elllopade.—A new carriage, with three wheels, which, by working as if you were on a treadmill, carries you along at twenty or thirty miles an hour!—Go it, Ned!

Going right a-head.—Going slick a-head we surely are. Only a fortnight since, we announced the discovery of an art to render persons invisible. This week the *Eccaleobion* is exhibited, in which life is produced by machinery, accom-

* We seldom notice works in periodical progress, because it would open too wide a field for us to do equal justice to all, where space is limited, and we should consider it unbecoming to censure our contemporaneous companions; but we cannot help advertising to the little aside of the life and death of the Cripple Boy, in the last part of this tale. If Mr. Dickens had never written any thing else, it would have placed him by the side of Sterne, as one of the most natural and affecting painters of life that ever studied, the finest sympathies of humanity, and bade them touch every heart of feeling with the tenderest emotions. It does not fill a page, and is worth a volume!—*Ed. L. G.*

panied by the developement of all the phenomena of animal life!! It is a variation of the old process of hatching eggs by heat.

Natural History Pun; Reptilia.—Mr. H. observing I.—using his apparatus for hearing with its flexible tube and mouth-piece a yard long from the pipe in his ear, said, “I cannot bear the sight of these instruments, they look so like serpents.” “Yes, they do (observed J—), and of the species called the deaf adder.”

Con.— Why is a dandy pickpocket like a heavy sea? Because he is a dangerous swell.

A Blow and a Word.

A fierce dispute 'twix Tom and Joe Was caused by a knock-down blow.
“By Jove,” howled Tom, somewhat more mystical,
“I did not think him so *so-fistic-al*.”

Archas.

In this deep and rocky cell,
Sportive Echo loves to dwell.
Shepherds here, in harmless play,
Cheat their weary hours away.
If you choose her skill to try,
Worst for word she will reply.
Whatsoe'er the sounds that fall,
A speaking image of them all.
Tell her aught you think upon—
There—she answers—now begone!

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Dictionary of Commerce and Commercial Navigation, by J. R. McCulloch, Esq., with a new Supplement brought down to December 1838, 50s.—*Gleanings for Youth, with Sabbath Readings*, f. cap. 5s. 6d.—*The Cambridge University Calendar*, 1839, 12mo. 6s.—*The Age of Chivalry, and other Poems*, by A. Macleod, 12mo. 5s.—*Employment of the Labouring Classes in Ireland*, by J. H. Lynde, Esq. M.D., 5s.—*Burke's Peerage, Baronetage, and Sketches of Statesmen of the Time of George III.*, 1st Series, 2 vols. 21s.—*The Literary Character*, by J. D'Isracil, 5th edition, 2 vols. 9s.—*The Life of Gibbon*, with Selections from his Correspondence, by the Rev. H. H. Milman, 8vo. 9s.—*Transactions of the Meteorological Society*, Vol. I. royal 8vo. 2s. 2s.—*Little Derwent's Breakfast*, a Poem, by a Lady, f. cap. 2s.—*Impey's Stamp Act*, 4th edition, 12mo. 7s. 6d.—*Profession and Practice*, by the Rev. Hugh White, f. cap. 5s. 6d.—*The Phantom Ship*, by Capt. Marryat, R.N., 3 vols. post 8vo. 11. 12s. 6d.—*Charles Tyrrell*, by G. P. R. James, post 8vo. 2s. 2s.—*Short Treatise on Typhus Fever*, by G. L. Rouppell, M.D. 8vo. 8s.—*The Saviour's Right to Divine Worship*, by W. Urwick, D.D. post 8vo. 8s. 6d.—J. Wilson's *Introduction to the Natural History of Birds*, 10s. 12s. (From the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*)—*Odious Comparisons*; or, the *Compositio*n in England, by J. R. Best, Esq. 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.—*Introduction to Chemical Philosophy*, by J. F. Daniell, 8vo. 16s.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1839.

	Thermometer.	Baronometer.
Thursday .. 21	From 40 to 52	29 53 — 29 57
Friday ... 22	... 36 ... 49	29 57 — 29 61
Saturday ... 23	... 36 ... 51	29 61 — 29 63
Sunday ... 24	... 35 ... 54	29 63 — 29 60
Monday ... 25	... 37 ... 51	29 57 — 29 63
Tuesday ... 26	... 35 ... 49	29 69 — 29 63
Wednesday ... 27	... 36 ... 56	29 92 — 29 44
Thursday ... 28	... 37 ... 43	29 35 — 29 37
Friday ... 29	... 35 ... 45	29 40 — 29 55
Saturday ... 30	... 29 ... 42	29 68 — 29 66
Sunday ... 31	... 34 ... 46	29 63 — 29 50

April.

Monday .. 1	... 39 ... 47	29 51 — 29 57
Tuesday ... 2	... 33 ... 38	29 60 — 29 61
Wednesday 3	... 31 ... 36	29 63 — 29 64

Winds, S.W. and N.E.

Except the 25th, 26th, and morning of the 28th ultimo, generally cloudy, with frequent and heavy showers of rain.

Rain fallen, 7125 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

Latitude ... 51° 37' 32" N. Longitude ... 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our correspondent, or rather our dramatic critic of this holiday week, will, we trust, not be mistaken for a matter-of-fact writer. His praises and his censures, sometimes in jest and sometimes in ignorance, must be read with discrimination to be understood.

We cannot answer our Norwich correspondent respecting Sopwith's Writing Tables. Pratt's Travelling Compendium is to be had at Mr. Pratt's, Bond Street, and generally at respectable trunkmakers'.

We have to thank the editor of the "Expositor," New York Literary Journal, for several Nos. of his publication,

ADVERTISEMENTS,

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See *Literary Gazette* of 2d June, 1839, and 30th of March 1839, for opinions on this subject. Prospectuses containing testimonials of cures, during ten years, may be procured gratuitously at the above address.

THE ART UNION of LONDON.

The Committee beg to inform Subscribers of the Year 1837—8, that the Print after Mr. Simon's Picture of "The Camaldolese Monk Shewing the Relics," will be delivered at Mr. Colnaghi's, Pall Mall East, on Tuesday, 9th April, 1839, on the production of the Member's Circular Letter and a Copy of Members whose Addresses are given; and will be forwarded for them until application, or until such Addresses are furnished.

The following is the Plan of the Society:—

1. The Art Union is composed of Annual Subscribers of One Guinea and upwards.

2. The Funds, after paying necessary Expenses, are devoted to the purchase of Pictures, Sculpture, or Engravings.

3. Every Member, for each Guinea subscribed, is entitled to one chance of obtaining some Work of Art at the Annual Distribution.

4. Number of Works of Art which are to constitute the Prizes drawn for at the Annual Distribution, and the respective value of these, are determined by the Committee according to the state of the Funds at the closing of the Subscription-Books of the year.

5. The Drawers of those Prizes severally, are entitled to select, each for himself, Works of Art of equivalent value, from the Public Exhibitions of London, and currently afforded to each Subscriber of becoming the Possessor of a valuable Work of Art by the result of the allotment, it is proposed to set apart a certain sum every year, for the purpose of Engraving some Work of Art which shall have been purchased by the Association: and of this sum every Member will receive one impression for each Guinea subscribed.

The Subscription Lists for the Year 1839-8 are now open. Subscriptions are received by Charles Palmer Dimond, Esq., 10 Henrietta Street, Coventry Square; by Edward Arrowsmith, East Holborn, near Clerkenwell; and by any Member of the Committee; at the London and Westminster Bank, 38 Throgmorton Street; and at the Branch Offices of the same, 9 Waterloo Place, Pall Mall; and at the Office of High Holborn; 12 Wellington Street, Borough; at High Street, Whitechapel; and by Mr. Thomas Brittan, Collector, to Clarendon Square, Somers Town.

Royal Exchange. The Joint Graham Committee beg to inform Architects who are desirous of submitting Designs for the intended Royal Exchange, that they may obtain a Lithographic Plan of the intended site, with other particulars, upon payment of One Pound, at the Office of the Surveyor to the Committee, *Mercers' Hall*, London, *Mercers' Hall*, 30th March, 1839.

SALES BY AUCTION.

IMPORTANT SALE OF A SPLENDID AND GENUINE COLLECTION OF PICTURES, LIVERPOOL.

Messrs. T. Winstanley and Sons most respectfully announce to the Amateurs of the Fine Arts, that they have received directions to Sell by Auction, at the Exhibition Rooms, Post Office Place, Liverpool, by permission, on Wednesday, the 17th, and Thursday, the 18th, of April next, at 12 precisely.

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The whole may be viewed on Monday the 15th, and Tuesday the 16th. No person whatever will be admitted to the view without a Catalogue, which may be had of Messrs. Winstanley, Painter-Potter, London; of Mr. R. Winstanley, Manchester; and of Messrs. T. Winstanley and Sons, Auctioneers, Church Street, Liverpool. Price 1s. each.

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